

Fashions Paris Thinks Respectable and Otherwise: Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

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No. 3,241.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1914

One Halfpenny.

CROSS-COUNTRY RACE FOR SOLDIERS WHO WORE UNIFORM AND CARRIED RIFLES.



Taking the final high wall.



Men of the Worcester Regiment
taking the water jump.



Vaulting and holding their rifles.



Clearing the water in fine style.



A section of one of the teams getting over the ground at a fine pace.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

Eight crack regiments took part in the cross-country race for the Connaught Shield, which was held at Aldershot over a course of one and a half miles with twelve difficult obstacles. Each team consisted of eighty-eight officers and men, and the com-

petitors, instead of donning ordinary running clothes, wore their uniforms and bandoliers and carried their rifles. Among the regiments taking part were the King's Royal Rifles, the Munster Fusiliers, the Coldstreams and the Highland Light Infantry.

THE FROMBERG SENSATION. MIRACULOUS CURES DAILY.

RHEUMATISM

SCIATICA, GOUT, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS AND STIFF JOINTS.

A whole army of men and women sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, are to be relieved of their aches and pains, stiffness, swellings and soreness in double-quick time.

Nothing yet discovered can do one-tenth as much good for the painful complaints already mentioned. Dr. Fromberg's beneficent Jointment soaks into the joints, there dissolves, and there drives out the deposits.



Also in
2, 3, 4, 6,
and
11/- jars.

INSIST ON
DR. FROMBERG'S
JOINTMENT FOR OUTWARD USE

Sole Proprietors, THE MIDLAND DRUG COMPANY, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

(Popularly known as "Joint Preparation.")

SPECIAL OFFER TO SUFFERERS.
TO THE MIDLAND DRUG CO., Dept. 15, NOTTINGHAM.

I accept your offer of a special sample box of "Dr. Fromberg's Jointment," and enclose P.O. for 1/- the special price. Post to

NAME

(State if Mr., Mrs., Miss, or title—if any)

Address

To readers abroad this offer is open, and the Midland Drug Company will accept unornate, unused and perfect postage stamps of their country to the value of one shilling.

24, William Street, Merthyr,
South Wales, January 10, 1914.

Dear Sir,—I received your is. sample, and must say I have found great relief from it. I think it is a wonderful preparation. Although I am over 81 years of age, I am able to use all my limbs free from more. Kindly send me a 1/2 jar for which I enclose P.O. 4/6. I am, sir, yours truly, W. W. Rappin

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS



REGD.
TRADE
MARK

THE ARISTOCRACY OF LACE WINDOW DECORATIONS.

Ariston

**Supreme!
Distinctive!
Beautiful!**

Insist upon having
ARISTON
LACE CURTAINS
You may as well have
the best. — They cost
no more than ordinary
makes.

To be obtained from all leading Drapers and Furnishers.

The Ideal Tonic-Laxative

For Indigestion, Constipation, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

When you feel unable to get up in the morning; when appetite has gone and constipation threatens; when the blood has become impure and the skin has lost its healthy look—nature is warning you! Your digestion is out of order, your whole system has become clogged up with poisonous waste matter. You need Iron-Ox tablets.

Iron-Ox tablets will bring back health and appetite. They will thoroughly cleanse your system, enrich the blood, brace the nerves and tone up the stomach. In a few days you will feel refreshed in mind and body and ready to enjoy life once again. Of all Chemists; or from the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., 20, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

50 TABLETS 1/- 250 TABLETS 4/-

IRON-OX

TABLETS

At all Chemists.

PEARL WEEK

PEARLS
OF GREAT PRICE

Brochure all about "THE PEARL GIRL"
Musical Comedy

The 1st Edition of 25,000 has been purchased by the Public.

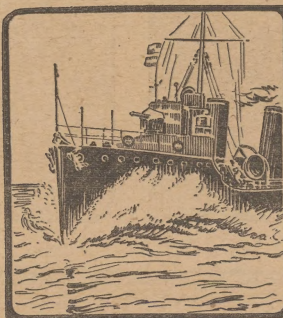
WHITELEYS

QUEENS ROAD, LONDON, W.
have acquired an additional

25,000

and will present a copy of this charming brochure to each visitor making a purchase at their establishment during next Week commencing March 16th and will also enclose one in all parcels ordered by post from the suburbs & country during the week.

W^h WHITELEY LTD.



DESTROYER
"SAVAGE" TRIBAL CLASS.
THE FOC'S'LE OF A DESTROYER
OF THE 'TRIBAL' CLASS.

This class was the first of the 'ocean going' destroyers, and for this reason the foc's'le is built very high to prevent the bow wave from washing down the decks. The fore bridge which stands just abaft the foremost 4 inch gun is also built high for the same reason.

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut Cigarettes

MEDIUM STRENGTH

10 for 3^d

20 for 5¹/₂^d

Perfectly made from the
choicest growths of
Old Virginia Tobacco.



PRINCE OF WALES' FIRST COURT.

Appearance in Royal Circle at Palace Last Night.

PAGEANT OF COLOUR.

Heir-Apparent's Motor Tour on Continent and Visit to Norway.

A slim, fair-haired young man, who appeared in a scintillating pageant of colour, where the delicate beauty of superb toilettes mingled with the vivid scarlet, gold and blue of uniforms, drew all eyes at last night's Court at Buckingham Palace—the third of the season.

He was the Prince of Wales, and he was making his first appearance in the royal circle at Court.

The Prince, it is known, would have preferred that his first appearance at a state function should be at a levee, but his arrival in London on the conclusion of the Oxford term yesterday and his prospective absence from England on other engagements rendered this difficult.

There were nearly 700 guests at the brilliant ceremony. The royal procession was formed in the Yellow Drawing Room, and passed with its gleaming escort of state officials through the White and the state drawing rooms to the great ballroom.

Their Majesties ascended the low dais at the throne end of the ballroom for the presentations, the Prince of Wales standing slightly behind and to the right of his Majesty.

The Prince wore his uniform as a lieutenant in the Royal Navy and the broad ribbon of the Garter. The King also wore naval uniform.

The Queen wore a gown of jade green and gold English brocade arranged with gold lace and self-coloured embroidery. The train was of Indian gold. Her Majesty was wearing a crown of diamonds with the Koh-i-noor in the centre.

The Prince of Wales leaves London on Monday for Norway, and will, it is expected, pay a visit of some three weeks' duration to the King and Queen of Norway.

The Prince, it is also stated, will make a motor tour in the north-west districts of Germany.

DRESSES WITH TRAINS OF GOLD.

There were many exquisite dresses to be seen in the glittering throng in the ballroom.

The Duchess of Teck wore a beautiful gown of maize-coloured charmeuse, the corsage being composed of crystal net with diamanté embroidery. The train was of gold lace lined with chiffon.

The gown worn by Princess Lichnowsky was of appliqué lace arranged to form a triple tunic on the skirt and her train was of gold tissue with the short mantle of the lace draped across the shoulders.

The Marchioness Camden was attired in a gown of white and silver brocade, the skirt draped and caught up with fine silver lace in a design of fern leaves. The corsage was embroidered in pearls and diamanté, and the sleeves were of silver lace. The train was woven with clair de lune paillettes, lined with silver shot with love-in-the-mist blue, edged with silver lace.

The German coal king's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. John Milford, who was presented on her marriage by Lady Redcliffe, wore a white satin and silver gown, with a train of white and silver brocade. Among the other dresses were—

The Hon. Cicely Brooks, who had a gown of ivory satin, with a corsage of silver and crystal embroidered white tulle, and a belt of pink and silver tulle. The train was of rose pink beaded net, lined with ruffled chiffon.

The Hon. Mrs. Francis Colborne, who wore white moire broché arranged with lace and diamanté embroidery. A train of soft blue tulle draped in black lace and finished with black velvet and mauve roses.

Miss Jean de Hopton, who wore a white charmeuse gown with a tulle train, and a train of silver embroidered tulle, and a train of silver embroidered tulle.

THE QUEEN SEES STUDENTS WORK

The Queen paid an unexpected visit yesterday afternoon to the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington.

Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary stayed an hour and made several purchases in the show-rooms. In the class-rooms the Queen inspected the work of the students.

£22 FOR SEEING CHILD KILLED.

For injury to her health caused by seeing her child killed, Mrs. Mary Allen was awarded £22 ds. damages against the London County Council at Greenwich County Court yesterday.

The plaintiff, with another woman, was wheeling a perambulator containing her two children when they were all knocked down by a van, the horses of which had bolted as the result of collision with a London County Council tramway-car. One of her children was killed.

The other woman, a Mrs. Payne, was awarded £15 damages.

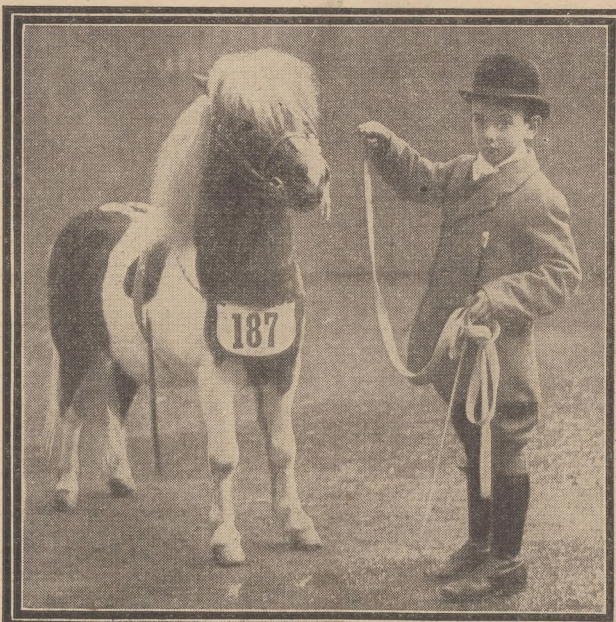
A JUDGE OF ART.

"I admit the Velasquez Venus photographs show a high mark of art," said a policeman, giving evidence at Glasgow Police Court yesterday, when a shopkeeper was charged with exhibiting improper picture postcards showing women in "X-ray skirts."

"It is because I have not seen these skirts in reality that I consider these cards vulgar," explained the policeman art critic.

The charge was dismissed.

TINY GIRL RIDER WINS PRIZE AT PONY SHOW.



The Ladies E. and D. Hope's Electric Light, which took a first prize.



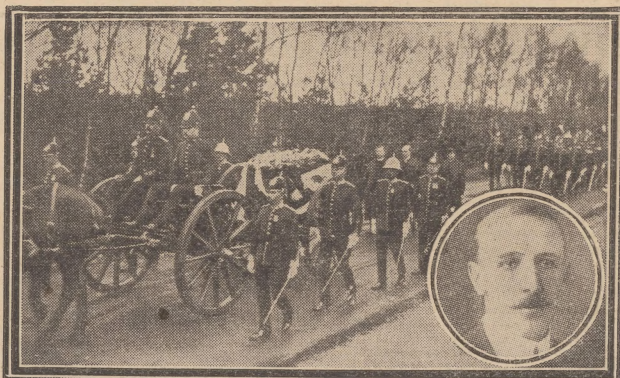
The smallest Shetland pony in the show.

Miss Maud Preece, who is only nine years old, won a prize for her clever and fearless riding at the National Pony Show at Islington yesterday. Some of the Shetlands were no larger than retrievers.—(Daily Mirror and S. and G.)



Maud Preece, the heroine of the afternoon.

ARMY AIRMAN BURIED AT ALDERSHOT.



Captain Downer, who was killed in a flying accident on Salisbury Plain, was buried at Aldershot yesterday. The photograph shows the cortege with the coffin on a gun-carriage. Captain Downer is seen in the circle.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

"BABY DIANA" WINS ON WISE PONY.

Girl Rider Aged Nine Triumphs in Show Competition.

SHY AFTER VICTORY.

A little girl—a very little girl, with dancing, golden curls, the straightest of straight backs and the most wonderful pair of hands—won the biggest round of applause at the National Pony Show at the Agricultural Hall yesterday afternoon.

It was in the children's competition, and the test was for a finished style of riding and better manners among the ponies. Not one of the little competitors was more than fifteen years old.

There were seven little boys and girls altogether, and they had to perform the following evolutions:

Walk, canter (not gallop),
Rein back, figure of 8, at the trot,
Turn round given point.

Most of the riders performed the walking, the cantering and the rein back all right, though the ponies seemed as big as elephants in comparison with the diminutive riders; it was the difficult figure of 8 and the turning which caused the decimation in the ranks.

Some of the riders couldn't get their ponies to turn round the two posts until a very wide circle had been made, and others couldn't manage it unless they sacrificed the speed hopelessly.

Then came the little figure in dark blue with the nodding golden curls. Going as hard as she could, and riding astride, she rounded and went in and out the posts just like a gifted skater.

Never once did she hesitate, and the pony almost grazed the posts each time, so dexterously and close was the turning done.

MUSICAL CHAIRS RIDE.

Then came the wild burst of applause, and a judge ran up and at once decorated her.

The little girl had no name in the official programme, only a very unassuming number; so after the competition was over *The Daily Mirror* went round to see her.

"My name," she said shyly, "is Maud Preece, and I am nine years old."

More than that she did not say, as little Miss Maud Preece is really shy, and very, very modest.

Miss Maud Preece is the little girl who astonished New York by her fine riding. They called her the "Little Miss Diana" there.

Her mother told *The Daily Mirror*, "Baby, as we call her, is passionately devoted to all animals, and particularly to horses. I teach my children to ride myself, and as Maud began to learn when she was five years old, she is now quite expert. "She is healthy and strong because she has led a simple, open-air life."

There was a lot of good fun during the afternoon, and perhaps "Musical Chairs" produced as much as any. In this, when the band struck up, the competitors had to canter one behind the other outside four posts.

When the band suddenly stopped, just as it does in ordinary "Musical Chairs," the competitors had to gallop in and out between the posts to the other end of the ring, where there were a number of chairs, and then dismount and sit on a chair.

There was always a tremendous rush to secure a chair, and there was a rare fight among the last two to get a seat.

MINISTERING WIVES AT DUEL.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 13.—Victor and vanquished were embraced by their respective wives after a duel at Neuilly this morning.

The duellists were M. Jacques Richépin (son of the poet) and M. Pierre Frondaie, writer of a play called "L'Apollonide." During the rehearsal of this play Mlle. Cora Laparacit, M. Jacques Richépin's wife, quarrelled with Mme. Frondaie, and the duel was the result.

In the first bout M. Frondaie, remembering that the day was Friday, the 13th, showed signs of disquietude and was wounded on the left wrist, while in the second bout he received a thrust on his sword arm. The doctors then stopped the fight.

Mlle. Laparacit ran forward and embraced her victorious husband, while, with tears in her eyes, Mme. Frondaie embraced her vanquished spouse, whose injuries were not serious.

POSTMAN HURT IN FIRE OUTRAGE

Poisonous fumes issued from the sack in the basement of the Hatton-garden Post Office last night after a person, supposed to be a suffragette, had dropped a package in the waste postbox.

Seizing handfuls of sand, a postman smothered the fire before more than a dozen letters had been damaged, and then gripped the burning package, which flared up and blistered his arm. A sticky, spongy-like substance, with a suffocating smell like phosphorus exuded from the package.

But for the promptitude of the postman it is generally admitted that probably the entire building would have been involved.

THE WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Fresh and gusty south-westerly winds; shower to fine temporarily; mild and humid air.

Lighting-up time 7.0 p.m. 7.1 p.m.

High-water at London Bridge 3.55 p.m. 4.10 p.m.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS, Holborn-circus, City, 8 p.m.: Barometer, 29.92 in., unsteady; temperature

52 deg.; wind S.W., fresh at times; weather, dull and mild, occasional rain.

Sea passages will be rough.

PARIS IN A LESS FREAKISH MOOD.

Modest Evening Gown Created in "Lucid Interval" of Fashion.

"SLASHLESS" LONDON.

London is not following the vogue in Paris for slashed eccentricity.

The latest afternoon dresses, which are modified Paris modes, have no slash, and are not cut low at the neck.

There are signs of a "lucid interval" in fashion in the world's brightest city, however, for the décolletage of an evening gown which has been brought to London from France is less accentuated than it was and conforms more to ordinary modest standards.

WHAT A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS.

Modistes in the West End of London are exceedingly interested in the attempt by the fashionable women in Paris to organise a reform in dress fashions.

"It really is time something was done to make the fashions less eccentric," a buyer at a large Oxford-street establishment told *The Daily Mirror*.

"We have to modify everything for the average well-dressed Englishwoman."

Parisians are so accustomed to eccentric fashions that soon after their appearance they get so used to them that the most extraordinary styles become popular as a matter of course.

"We have had some weird fashions in England lately, but these are as nothing compared to the advanced styles in Paris."

The photograph of an evening gown that has just arrived from Paris plainly showed, in the opinion of London modistes, that the décolletage had been filled in with chiffon or nylon in order to make it conform more to ordinary modest standards.

London modistes were delighted with the little promenade dress with a quilted basque shown in *The Daily Mirror* photograph. "It is quite nice and quite new," they said.

"Most of our latest afternoon dresses," they added, "are of the softest tulle. They are draped gracefully and are not slashed in the skirt or cut low at the neck."

BLIND MAN'S COLOSSAL TASK.

The blind compositor who hammered out the first English Bible in Braille, Mr. John Andrew Ford, aged sixty-one, will be among the workers the King and Queen will see when on Thursday they open the new premises of the National Institute for the Blind in Great Portland-street, W.

The task took three and a half years and involved no fewer than 20,000,000 blows, the punch having to be struck three times with the hammer for each dot.

WELSH OFFICIALS CHARGED.

The three officials of the Central Welsh Board of International Education, who were arrested in Cardiff on Thursday on a charge of embezzlement



WILLIAM GRIFFITH.



DAVID WILLIAMS.

and fraud were remanded yesterday, bail in £400 each being allowed.

William Grylls Griffith, clerk to the board, and Charles W. Seymour, finance clerk, were charged with embezzlement, and David Williams, an ordinary clerk, was charged with larceny.

RAPPINGS AT AN INN.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

CHESTERFIELD, March 13.—Mysterious rappings which have been heard this week at the Nag's Head Inn, Stavely, near here, have given rise to the supposition that the place is haunted.

The noise, which is three distinct knocks, is like a person striking a table. The rappings are not confined to one part of the house, but wherever one stands they are heard coming from another direction.

Various means have been tried to ascertain if anyone is playing a prank, but all efforts have failed to elucidate the mystery.

MR. BONAR LAW CRITICISED.

I have never heard speeches more lacking in statesmanship and sense of responsibility and any sort of feeling of human decency than those of Mr. Bonar Law. I am only too glad to see that the Conservative Party are a great deal better than the man who leads them in the House of Commons.

This spoke Mr. F. D. Acland, M.P., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, addressing a Liberal meeting at Acton last night. He advised Liberals to keep their tempers and prepare for an election in June, not of this year, but next year.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

Officer Suggests Criminal Negligence at Inquest on Two Army Airmen.

Remarkable evidence as to the cause of the double flying fatality on Salisbury Plain was given at the inquest at Bulford Hospital yesterday on Captain Allen and Lieutenant Burroughs, of the Royal Flying Corps.

Major Brooke Popham, Commandant of the Third Flying Squadron, said the accident was caused through the breaking of the rudder post while the aeroplane was turning. The machine, B.E. 204, was of old design, but thoroughly good. It had been thoroughly overhauled and repaired.

The Foreman: It was a patched-up machine? Captain Brooke Popham: I do not think it is fair to call it that.

Witness said he had found that the tube (the rudder-post) was far too light a section to stand the strain to which it would be subjected during flight. This might have been due to one of three possible causes:—

1. The design of the machine may have been wrong and the strength miscalculated.
2. The workmen who did the job might, through ignorance or carelessness, have put in too weak a tube.
3. This rudder-post may have been changed after reconstruction, and after it was handed over to the squadron.

In any of these three cases there would be criminal negligence on the part of the officials responsible. Mr. F. M. Green, engineer of the Royal Aircraft Factory, said that the biplane was constructed in 1912. Where the post was welded to the rudder frame it had been filed, and the man who did it might have thinned the tube down. At one part the tube was half the thickness it should be.

The Coroner: Would it render the machine unsafe as a matter of course?—No. The post would stand a considerable strain.

The coroner remarked it was doubtful if they would ever be able to find the man who did the welding, and the jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death in each case.

FAMOUS K.C. TO RETIRE.

Sir Edward Clarke, After Fifty Years, to Bid Farewell to the Law Courts.

Sir Edward Clarke, the famous K.C., is to retire from the Bar.

In November next he will have completed his fiftieth year in the profession, and that is the time he has chosen to take his farewell of the Courts.

From earning a living at a watchmaker's bench to becoming one of our best-known K.C.s and Privy Councillors has been the life story of Sir Edward Clarke.

Sir Edward refused a Judgeship, and at one time was a reporter in the House of Commons. He has held briefs in almost every celebrated case during the last twenty years, the trials including the Penge case, the great detective case, the Bartlett murder case, the baccarat case and the Jameson case.

LORD E. GROSVENOR'S ESCAPE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 13.—Lord Edward Grosvenor, who is at present flying at Buc, near Paris, with the object of taking the higher military air certificate, had a narrow escape yesterday afternoon.

He went up in his 50-h.p. Bleriot monoplane in a fifty-six miles an hour wind to obtain practice in flying in bad weather, and as he was planning down was struck by a sudden gust of wind when only 50 ft. from the ground.

The monoplane side-slipped and crashed to earth, where it turned over, pinning Lord Edward Grosvenor underneath the wreckage. Lord Edward's right leg was driven through the petrol tank. His shoulder was hurt and his ribs were badly bruised.

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Art Master's Tragic Fate.

The body of Mr. Forbes Clark, aged thirty-three, headmaster of Cheltenham School of Art, was found yesterday on the railway near Cheltenham.

Troubadour's Walk for a Year.

M. Enilianoff, who has left Vladivostok on a walk to Paris, says Reuter, proposes to pay his way by playing the violin, and expects to be a year on the journey.

"What's in a Name?"

Asked if inquiries could be made on his behalf, a tutor convicted of theft at London Sessions yesterday gave the name of a man called "Gollywoggles of Piccadilly-circus."

Loss Opening of Gaol Gates.

The Home Secretary will on Monday introduce his Bill to diminish the number of cases committed to prison and to amend the law with respect to the treatment and punishment of young offenders.

Two Years Saving Sixpence.

A sixpence which took a poor woman in Sussex two years to save is among the gifts which the editor of the "Church Army Gazette" has received in response to the annual self-denial issue.

'BLUES' FRUIT DIET

Oxford Oarsmen at Putney Eating Figs for Fitness.

CAMBRIDGE GIANTS.

Race to be rowed March 28, 2.30 p.m.

A great battle between two powerful crews—that is the prospect for this year's inter-Varsity boatrace.

Cambridge appeared at Putney yesterday, and are warm favourites for the first time for several years. They are a crew of giants, and their speed is undeniable.

Oxford have already had four days at Putney, but at present they lack polish.

OXFORD FAITH IN DRIED FRUITS.

"How many 'goosey drivers' have you had to-day?" asked Mr. H. B. Wells, the Oxford cox, of Mr. E. D. Horsfall, one of the stalwarts of the Dark Blue crew.

"Oh, just a few this morning," replied Mr. Horsfall.

This curious little conversation took place on the river at Putney yesterday just after the Oxford eight had returned from a trial spin on the river.

What were these extraordinary foods or tonics which the Oxford crew evidently regarded with so much importance? Mr. Wells, talking to *The Daily Mirror*, kindly solved the mystery. He gave the explanation that a "goosey driver" is the dry fig.

"We are eating a lot of dried fruit this year," said Mr. Wells. "There is no doubt of its value as a training tonic."

"Twice a day the men eat 'goosey drivers.' They are a very merry and light-hearted crew this year."

As usual, they are being besieged by autograph-hunters.

The latest worry is the schoolgirl "thumbograph-hunter." One lucky schoolgirl with her hair down her back has obtained the thumbographs of all the Oxford eight.

She has been called Sybil the Persistent. "One has to lick one's thumb and jam it down on the book," Mr. Horsfall explained. "Then, against the thumb-print one's signature has to be written."

A rough time-table of how the Oxford crew are spending each day is as follows:—

- 7.0 a.m.—Rise and take hard walk or run on Putney Heath.
- 8.0 a.m.—Drink glass of hot milk.
- 8.30 a.m.—Substantial breakfast, consisting of chop, sole or bacon and eggs, with tea and coffee, toast and jam.
- Practice on river in morning.
- 1.30.—Light lunch of cold meat or fish.
- Afternoon visit to river and billiards matches in the afternoon.
- 5.0 p.m.—Big bread-and-butter tea. No cake.
- 7.0 p.m.—Big dinner of five courses. Billiards during evening.
- 10.0 p.m.—Large glass of hot milk and then bed.

(Photograph on page 9.)

WHERE SEVENPENCE WENT.

PARIS, March 13.—"Reception of M. Deibler-7d." This is an item in the Douai municipal accounts which were passed yesterday.

Some weeks ago M. Deibler, the executioner, went to Douai for an execution, and on arrival was received by the municipality and given a glass of beer.

WIFE AT SEVENTEEN—NOW DIVORCED

That Mrs. Florence Knight, who was married at seventeen, was guilty of misconduct, but that there had been no cruelty and no misconduct by the husband, was the finding of the jury in the Woking divorce suit petitions yesterday.

Sir Samuel Evans accordingly dismissed the wife's petition and granted the husband—Mr. Sparks Knight, son of a Woking draper—a decree nisi, with costs, and the custody of the children.

The husband had cited Mr. Sidney H. Stretton as co-respondent, while the wife had accused her husband of misconduct with Nurse Kathleen Hall, who had nursed him through an illness.

Queen's Gift of Pictures.

The Queen, who recently visited the Ada Lewis House (a hotel for working women and girls) has sent seven pictures to be hung in the general sitting-room.

The Thames Still Rising.

The Thames at Reading rose 1½ in., and many hundreds of acres of land in the upper reaches of the river are now completely submerged.

Ample Time for Digestion?

For eating 8s. 2½d. worth of tripe for which she was unable to pay at a restaurant, a woman who refused her name was sentenced to two months' imprisonment yesterday in Paris.

Cupid at the White House?

No denial has yet been issued from the White House, says the Central News, of the report that Helen Eleanor Wilson, the President's third daughter, is engaged to Mr. MacAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury.

Left a Living to Earn One.

Resigning after twenty years' work the vicarage of Towstall-with-St. Saviour's (Devon) to take up a post in New Zealand, the Rev. H. F. Tracey says in a farewell letter that "it seems time to earn his own living."

DUEL TO DEATH FOR WIFE

Masked Ball Incident Ends in Officers' Death—British Example Quoted.

BERLIN, March 13.—The question of duelling in the army was raised in the Reichstag to-day on an interpellation with regard to the duel between Lieutenants Haage and Von Lavallette. St. George last month, which ended fatally for the former officer, towards whose wife Lieutenant Lavallette is alleged to have spoken with offensive familiarity at a masked ball.

Herr Grober said that Lieutenant Haage challenged Lieutenant Lavallette in consequence of an affair between the latter and Haage's wife.

There were two accounts of the case, according to one of which Lieutenant Haage was deeply injured in his domestic honour, while the other represented the incident as less serious.

It was certain that Lieutenant Haage considered himself wronged and went to Lavallette's quarters armed, with the intention of killing him. Lavallette reported the affair to his colonel. Lieutenant Haage then sent a challenge to a duel with pistols on conditions such as rendered a fatal issue an absolute certainty.

The fight was to last until one was put hors de combat, but at least five exchanges of bullets at fifteen paces were demanded.

The conditions were reduced to a triple exchange of shots at twenty-five paces with pistols without sights. Lieutenant Haage fell and died in a few minutes. He left a widow and child.

Lieutenant Von Lavallette was now awaiting trial by court-martial.

The Reichstag Committee on Duelling would present to the House a resolution adopted by all parties demanding that the insult which provokes a duel by dishonourable or unscrupulous conduct shall henceforward be punished not with forced confinement, which does not disgrace, but with imprisonment.

In specially bad cases the offender may be deprived of the rights of honour. The example of Great Britain had showed that the duel was unnecessary for officers.—Reuter.

BUST OF MR. SELFRIDGE



The bust which was presented to Mr. Selfridge at the Queen's Hall yesterday.

NO NEED FOR WAR SCARE.

BERLIN, March 13.—A sensational article appears in the newspaper *Germania*, which alleges that Russia is mobilising.

Prominent Russians strongly deny the statement that Russia is preparing for war, and the Russian Foreign Minister, M. Sazonoff, has declared that the increase in armaments was started by Germany, Russia being thus bound to take steps for herself. Her army, he says, is being developed—but in the interests of peace.

PAPER EVERY WOMAN WANTS.

Directly the first announcements appeared on Tuesday there was a rush to secure copies of *Home Fashions*, the new penny dress paper, which has taken the quickest leap into popularity ever known.

Within two days of publication the first edition was completely exhausted, and thousands of women were unable to obtain a copy at any price. Orders have come pouring in from all over the country, the sales increasing within a very short period from 200,000 to 348,000 copies.

A further big reprint is promised for to-day, but, unless immediate application is made to a news-agent, further disappointment may be in store.

SLIT SKIRT AND KING'S WHISPER

BRUSSELS, March 13.—Noticing that the Court dress of a woman at the Court ball was extremely décolleté and the skirt slit up the side, King Albert whispered to the Count Marshal, who offered his arm to the woman and led her out of the ballroom.

At the entrance the marshal said, with a bow: "His Majesty has noticed that you have torn your dress up one side and has requested me to escort you to your carriage so that you may return home and have the damage repaired."

CATHEDRAL PICTURES REMOVED.

Three valuable pictures in St. Paul's Cathedral—"Hope" and "Peace and Goodwill," by Watts, and "Holmes and Watson Light of the World"—were removed from the walls yesterday afternoon and placed in the crypt.

The pictures were removed owing to the vergers having seen several women who, it was thought, might be suffragettes, loitering near them.



Miss Mary Garden.

with her dressmakers, and the dispute has just been settled in the French courts.

She objected to a bill for some £270, which included such items as a £60 evening frock, and an £80 fur cape. Half the total sum, she maintained, was adequate, and, after a lengthy hearing, the Courts upheld her.

Superabundant Temperament.

Mary Garden is one of Oscar Hammerstein's leading "stars" in America, where she is known to the public as much for her "superabundant temperament" as for her singing.

When the impresario once dared to advertise Cavalieri to play one of Miss Garden's parts the temperamental lady instantly "threw up" her parts and refused ever to sing for him again. And to appease her Cavalieri had to be withdrawn.

Some years ago she nearly blinded herself in an attempt to dye her hair with an injurious pigment, and shortly afterwards startled her friends with the announcement that, tired of the artistic life, she was determined to become a nun.

"Not Fit to Eat."

A man at my table at lunch yesterday scoured the waiter's suggestion of spinach. "Stuff not fit to eat," he called it. And then an argument began.

There were six of us present, and each argued against the other as to what was fit and what not fit to eat. Hardly any of us agreed with any other, yet each man had his particular food aversion—dishes that he declared he could not touch.

What Food Don't You Like?

From among us I extracted a list of foods loved by some, loathed by others. It included mutton, artichokes, horseradish (one of the few common aversions), turnips (three votes), parsnips, candied peel, broad beans, ham sandwiches, caviare and oysters.

About the only dish that everybody admitted a liking for was—as it should be—roast beef.

I am going to make a collection of food antipathies, and see if there really is a generally-accepted dish.

The "Round-the-World" Nuisance.

An Irish Judge, I am glad to see, has sent a "round-the-world walker" to prison. Why any person should think he is entitled to beg and annoy simply because he is, or says he is, walking round the world for a wager I never could understand, yet swarms of these nuisances yearly invade newspaper offices and town halls, and in the latter places seem always able to delude sympathetic mayors into affixing their official stamps to the tramp's grimy record.

All these tramps are the same. They have to depend on the sale of their postcards for a living; they have always completed half their journey, and always are going to win a nebulous sum from an anonymous person as the result of completing their tour.

CHEMIN DE FER AT 2 A.M.

London Woman's Story of Her Losses and Loan.

A sidelight on the prevalence of gambling amongst women in the West End of London was furnished at Westminster County Court yesterday, when Mrs. Wilde, of Sloane-street, claimed from Miss Ethel Clinton, of Maidenhead, and John-street, Mayfair, £25, balance of a loan of £50.

Counsel for the plaintiff said that on April 30 several friends were gathered at Mrs. Wilde's house, and after bridge had been played there was started the game of chemin de fer. Miss Clinton asked for a loan of £50, leading Mrs. Wilde to understand that she required the money for some purpose of her own next day.

Mrs. Wilde, fashionably attired in mauve, said Miss Clinton seemed a good deal worried when at her house, and asked for the loan at two o'clock in the morning.

Cross-examined, plaintiff said her income was £500 a year. She was a widow, and she had not said she had a hard struggle to keep her husband and child.

Miss Clinton, the defendant, describing the game, said it was just like playing on the Continent, and she lost £150 at play. The loan was handed to her out of the camera.

Her income, defendant added, was £3,000 or £3,500 a year.

Holding that the money was lent for the purpose of gambling, Judge Woodfall entered judgment for the defendant with costs.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Way They Tell.

The line of carriages containing the members of the "Personally Conducted, Seeing Europe in Thirty Days," had come to a stop before the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, and this conversation was overheard in one of the carriages containing two women:

"Mother, is this Rome?"

"The answer came in a tired, "toured-to-death" tone of voice: "What day of the week is it, my dear?"

"This is Tuesday. Why?"

"Well, if it is Tuesday, it must be Rome."

The Disappearing Blue Persian.

There is a very wonderful house in Kensington and a very wonderful cat. The house is fronted by a garden, and in this garden a blue Persian cat basks and blinks when the sun shines.

Periodically, when I go past the house, the blue Persian cat is missing, and a card is tied to the railings announcing that the cat is lost, and offering £1 reward for its recovery.

The next day the blue Persian cat is back again, and the card has disappeared.

I wonder how much it costs the owner in a year to recover his much-lost treasure.

The Topsy Sinden Fund.

Readers of the "Gossip" will remember that some months ago I drew attention to the sad case of Miss Topsy Sinden, the dainty English dancer, who had been unable to work through illness following upon an accident on the stage.



Mr. Alfred Barnard.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Alfred Barnard, of the *Era*, started a fund on her behalf. The fund, which is now closed, reached the splendid total of £1,429 1s. 6d. Most of this, Mr. Barnard tells me, was subscribed in shillings by the struggling members of the theatrical profession. It was Mr. Barnard who courageously reduced the price of the *Era* from sixpence to a penny.

Naming the Horses.

Racing circles have lost a prominent personality in the death of Mr. Ernest Dresden. Mr. Dresden made it a custom to get his friends to name his horses for him. He used to give dinner-parties and then the guests would compete in the task of finding names for the horses in his large racing stables.

Those who invented the names chosen used to receive all sorts of valuable and quaintly conceived prizes.

The Gallery Collectors.

"I understand that the Americans in London are very angry over the closing of our art galleries," I said to an American visitor yesterday.

"Oh, that's only newspaper talk," he answered. "The only Americans in London just now are millionaires, and they don't want to see art galleries—they only want to buy 'em!"

SHY OF FRIDAY—13.

Ominous Date When Cupid Retires from Matrimonial Business.

Did you notice anything peculiar about yesterday? There was something, and something very unusual: there were no advertised weddings. For yesterday, you see, happened to be a Friday, as well as being the 13th of the month.

These are strenuous-minded people who will brave the 13 superstition, but they refuse to have anything to do with the combination of 13 and Friday.

There is a Thirteen Club in Chicago which revels in flouting the superstition. On the thirteenth of the month supper is served at 12.13, and a coffin-shaped menu, bearing the announcement of the "burial of superstition," lies at the plate of each member. On its inside cover are the thirteen rules of the club. The first rule reads:

Remember the thirteenth day and keep it open; all other days shall thou labour and do thy work, but the thirteenth day is the day, and if thou shalt give up all thy coin, for on that day thou and thy wife shall have no other engagement.

WITNESS SAVED BY POLICEMAN.

Charged with attempting suicide, John Moore, the Starfield case witness found on Tuesday unconscious from gas poisoning, was remanded yesterday at Clerkenwell, P.C. Forman found him with one end of a tube in his mouth, the other end being attached to a gas jet turned on, and Moore's life was saved by the constable, who turned the gas off and applied artificial respiration.

Polaire's Debut.

Everybody knows Polaire, the charming Frenchwoman who used to pride herself upon being the ugliest and owning the smallest waist of all French actresses. A Paris newspaper this week published the story of her debut at the old Concert d'Horloge, where Yvette Guilbert and Fragon made their first bows in 1894.

Two or three years later the first turn on the programme one night read "Mlle. Pauler," and a strange-looking girl appeared on the stage and sang in acid tones a little song called "Ah si j'avais un petit cousin."

The audience was pleased with her unusual way of singing, her curly hair, her elongated eyes and quaint smile, and she was unusually warmly received for a beginner.

Now the little Pauler is Mlle. Polaire of world-wide reputation.

Titles for Sale.

Social climbers need not despair, for, despite the recent controversy on the sale of honours in this country, other nations are not so particular.

Yesterday's *Times* makes this attractive offer: "Strictly genuine! Direct from heirs. Old Austrian title with coat of arms and seal, dating from the 16th century, for sale."

A Riviera Fashion.

Where do the fashions really come from? Miss Ruby Wilson, the concert artist, has told me an amusing story that causes me much wonder.

Last summer she bought a very dainty frock in London.

Soon after Christmas she wore the frock on the Riviera, and was "snapshotted" in it

while walking along the Promenade des Anglais. Last week the reproduction of the snapshot appeared in a woman's illustrated weekly paper.

Back to London.

Two days ago Miss Wilson entered a dressmaker's in Bond-street. In front of her was a woman with a copy of the paper in question in her hand. She pointed to the snapshot picture and said to the saleswoman:

"You see this is the very latest thing from the Riviera. I want my dress made exactly like that!" So the latest fashion had travelled from the London of last summer to the Monte Carlo of Christmas and by last week had found its way back to Bond-street.

How He Played.

"Talking of theatrical criticisms," said a prosperous actor-manager to me yesterday, "one of the kindest unfavourable ones I ever read was in the local newspaper of a little town in America."

"A Shakespearean company was playing at the local opera house, and the critic evidently didn't want to be unkind, so this was what he wrote: 'Mr. Blank, the well-known tragedian, played Hamlet last night. He played it from eight till eleven p.m.'"



Miss Ruby Wilson.

Student of Crime.

Mr. H. B. Irving, who is one of the most indefatigable criminologists alive, is preparing an account of the Wainwright murder case. He has lately been in the East End examining the scene of the crime.

I once asked Mr. Irving to explain the fascination of criminology.

"I think it is to be explained," he said, "in the desire for the elucidation of truth from dark surroundings."

Our Bad Old Business Custom.

There are lots of idiotic customs in the business world, but surely the most idiotic is that universal one of the evening post.

It is almost an impossibility to get a business letter answered by return of post. Business men seem to regard it as tampering with their credit if the day's correspondence is allowed to leave the office before the time of the evening mail.

Who Does Understand?

Answers to letters received in the morning hang about in offices all day long awaiting signature and dispatch in the evening, when they might have been signed and posted and delivered within a few hours.

I have asked lots of excellent business men why this is. They only shake their heads and murmur about "lots of things to do," and say I don't understand. I don't. Do you?

Dirty Londoners.

An American who has been staying in London has complained bitterly to me about London's dirt-faces.

"It seems to me," he says, "that Londoners never wash. I walk down the principal streets and see nothing but dirty faces. I have never seen a London fog, but judging from the faces in the streets the people must bath in fogs."

"As for all the old traditional talk about the 'Englishman's bath,' I can only believe that the whole story is simply an elementary essay in the exercise of the imagination."

To-day's Grumble.

To-day's grumble is not one exclusively of the music-hall world, though it comes straight from there and from the heart. George Mozart is its author.

"My pet and particular grumble is against the inveterate borrower," he writes. "The sort of man who rushes up to you in a violent hurry, saying as he does so, 'George, old man, lend me a tenner for old times' sake!' Being unable to recall the gentleman's face or the 'old times' that he speaks of, you offer him 5s., which he readily accepts. One may safely rest assured that both the 5s. and the 'old acquaintance' will ever be forgot."

Why This Word?

The Lotus Club is arranging a special celebration supper for St. Patrick's night. But why have the authorities there affixed the mysterious word "Ribaldry" to their invitation cards? This is surely open to misconception.

THE RAMBLER.

LORD MURRAY'S ACCUSERS

New Marconi Committee Decides That Charges Must Be Formulated.

That the accusers of Lord Murray must formulate their charges and submit evidence was the decision yesterday of the House of Lords Committee of Inquiry into the ex-Liberal Whip's dealings in American Marconi shares.

It was the first meeting of the Committee and Lord Halsbury was elected chairman.

Lord Halsbury said that the inquiry would be public and he suggested that counsel should formulate the charges against Lord Murray by Tuesday.

In reply to a question as to whether Lord Murray should be called first, Lord Halsbury said it seemed to him an injustice to ask.

It was for his lordship's accusers to establish their case, and not for Lord Murray to be called to make a statement in the first instance.

Lord Halsbury said he understood it was desired to make a statement on behalf of Mr. Fenner, "who is supposed to be connected with these transactions, and who, I believe, is under arrest in Paris."

Mr. J. D. Langton, a solicitor, said the only statement he wanted to make was that Mr. Fenner raised no opposition to the extradition, and was only too anxious to return.

Airmen in the San Francisco Exhibition's proposed race round the world, says a yesterday's New York message, may ship their machines on steamers if they do not desire to fly across the Atlantic.

ELECTRIC LAWYER.

Man in Army Canteen Case Referred to as Aldershot—Home Rule Wanted.

For the ninth day Sir John Dickinson continued at Bow-street yesterday the hearing of the case in which nine civilians connected with Lipton, Ltd., and nine military men are charged with being concerned in bribery in connection with the Army canteen contracts.

Mr. Sawyer, chief witness for the prosecution, was cross-examined by Mr. George Elliott, K.C., for the civilian defendant Laing. He said Laing was reluctant to be the channel of payments to officers, or non-commissioned officers in connection with the canteens.

Counsel read a letter written by the witness in 1908 in which Laing was referred to as "Aldershot." The letter said:

"What conclusion did you come to in this matter except that Aldershot has got a lot to learn? A very clear case for supervision is made out."

Asked what kind of supervision he meant, Sawyer said: "What was wanted was Home Rule at Aldershot."

Mr. T. Healy (for the defendant Colonel Whitaker) said he was not to bring in this question.

Mr. Elliott (for witness Laing) said he was careful, Mr. Sawyer. We have an electric battery in this room.

A letter, written by witness to Lipton's head office in May, 1911, said the takings at Aldershot for the previous month were "most alarming."

On Page 12.—Our Children's Saturday Corner—Further Adventures of Jack and Joan; Every Dress for Every Girl.

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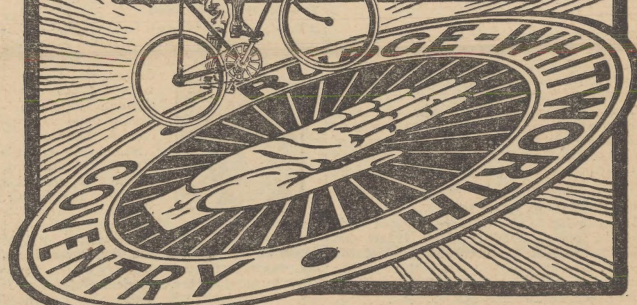
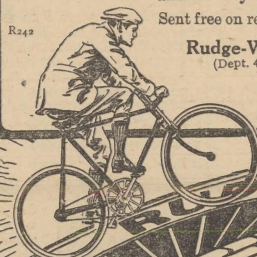
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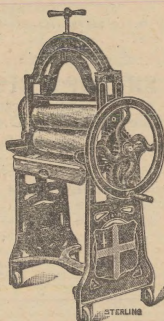
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London, S.W. 71, Old Town-st. Plymouth; 18a, Bishop-
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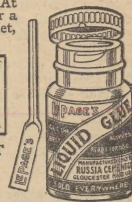
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1914.

"WHAT'S THE USE?"

IN an age when millions are paid for masterpieces, it is supposed to follow in logic that all men think a great deal of the masterpieces that cost so much. Those of us who "talk art"—those who prefer Raphael to the primitives, or declare that they like the Caracci better than Botticelli, or prefer Guardi to Canaletto—are in the comfortable conviction that the world's great pictures are nearly all classified, museumised—almost we said mummified—and safe.

This is an illusion, confined to acknowledged art critics. Go about in the busy, barbarous world of the multitude, and you find that masterpieces are not safe; simply because so few people sincerely delight in them.

They are (to be candid about it) imposed upon the majority by a minority; but all the time the majority murmurs secretly: "What a lot of money to pay for *that!*"—and Holbein's Duchess, the Ansdei Madonna, or Velasquez's now spoiled Venus is indicated. Secretly, in the hearts of innumerable people, murmurs, in reference to Venus for example, the only occasionally uttered question: "What's the use of her?"

Recently—since writing what we wrote here a day or two ago about the irrelevant and imbecile piece of vandalism at the National Gallery—we have received not unsympathetic but inquiring letters quite naively and bluntly putting this question: "What, after all, was the use of the picture?"

Such a question is also a confession. We do not ask what is the use of anything we love. We know that for us it exists, thenceforward, in a state of mind, a sphere, a region—whatever you like to call it—absolutely outside the "values" of use and uselessness. We love it. Therefore its existence is not only justified for us, but necessary to us. What is the use of it? We never need to put the question, unless we do not love the thing of which it's put. What's the use, to you who love the fields and the flowers in June, of June and fields and flowers? What's the use of Truth, Beauty, in all or any of their partial manifestations? Nothing. You can measure nothing by use; because nothing is any use unless everything is: you can, rather, prove the use of nothing, unless first you prove the use and meaning of everything.

"What's the use of the picture?" is then, from the multitude, a disquieting challenge to those who happen to love pictures enough to believe that they are far more "use" in the world than cranks, maniacs, diseased women, or indeed almost any human life but the greatest. Pictures are meant, like roses, "chiefly to give delight," which is a sensation that few human beings give—"after all." A good retort to "What's the use of art?" is to ask the questioner: "What's the use of you?" That, in most cases, is much more difficult to answer!

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Dreams pass; work remains. They tell us that not a sound has ever ceased to vibrate through space; that not a ripple has ever been lost upon the ocean. Much more is it true that not a true thought, nor a pure resolve, nor a loving act has ever gone forth in vain.—F. W. Robertson.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"DESTROY SOMETHING!"

I CONSIDER many of the responsible members of the present Government are to blame, and should be held responsible for the recent attack on one of our most valuable art treasures. The women may be mad, but they have never been treated properly, their deputations have been scouted and insulted in a shameful manner. Women have had the vote in Australasia for years, and I know from personally visiting these countries it has worked well. I am a believer in votes for women, but no one can defend the actions of certain women, who damage property in such a senseless manner. It's time the Government woke up to its responsibilities.

RICHARD PEBBS, F.R.G.S.

ALLOW me to thank you for the splendid article by "W. M." which appeared in a recent issue. It expressed exactly what thou-

HOW HE PROPOSED.

I HAVE been greatly amused of late by your letters on proposals of marriage. Can anyone picture for one moment the absurd rot which is written in novels of the present day taking place in actual life? The girl of "to-day" is an entirely different creature from the girl of sixty years ago, and does not look upon marriage as a serious thing, but only as the natural termination of a ripened friendship.

A BACHELOR AT SEVENTY-FIVE.

MY first proposal was a simple one. I was corresponding with "him" in a mere friendly way. He wrote to me for my birthday and said he hoped my next and following birthdays would be spent with him.

My second took place in a taxicab. I had been dining with No. 2, and during dinner he said he

A HISTORY OF THE GRADUAL ASSIMILATION OF MEN'S AND WOMEN'S COSTUMES.



About the middle of Queen Victoria's reign, there was an enormous difference between the dress of women and that of men. Since that time, however, there has been a gradual but ever-growing assimilation between the two, until now it is becoming difficult to distinguish one from the other. The six stages of the progress—or decadence—are marked here.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

sands of women have been thinking on this subject for the past few years.

We have been sure that only one thing—dementia—could account for conduct so utterly devoid of reason as certain vote-seekers have shown. Some of the magistrates (notably Mr. Bros in a recent case), and now "W. M." have reached the truth. We can only hope that, like other inconsequent raging things, these wild women may one day tire themselves out and disappear, since no one has the courage to shut them up out of harm's way. Their sound and fury have troubled us for a long time, and they must soon come themselves, leaving not a trace behind them, save, alas! the ruins of some of the quiet, beautiful things they have destroyed.

FLORENCE SEYMOUR.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 6d. at any book-stall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from "The Daily Mirror," 23, Bouverie-street, E.C.

wanted to ask me to do something for him. Little knowing what he meant, I asked him what it was. Later, when I said we "will go to the station together," he said, "Yes, not now, but always, we will do everything together." With my third I was having lunch against the wishes of my people. I remarked how angry they would be when I returned home, and he replied, "No, they won't; I am going to tell them you are engaged to me." He did, and it all ended happily.

Sussex.

FLEET.

IN LENT.

Drop, drop, slow tears
And bath those besotted feet
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercy to entreat:
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods
Down all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

—PHINEAS FLETCHER.

FINDING WORK.

How Good Jobs Were Secured and Held by Some of Our Readers.

AS a constant reader of your paper, I have often been amused, and sometimes enlightened, by the controversial column, and now feel it a duty to answer your correspondent, "The Wrong Face."

My own experience is this:—

Four years ago my wife and I landed in a North-West city with the large sum of £5. 6d. (one shilling and sixpence) and a box of clean clothes—all we possessed in the world. It was eight o'clock on a Saturday. I got lodgings by 9 p.m., and then interviewed an employer of labour, in my own line, whose design drew my attention.

I was very nice, but said he was full up. At the same time he gave me the address of another person who might be able to give me a little work.

Owing to the late hour I was compelled to wait until the Monday. At the second interview I was more successful and obtained a week's employment, during which time I kept an eye open in other directions, and managed to obtain a canvasser's job at a salary of 10s. per week, with commission. This I held for three weeks, when my manager, who possibly saw I put my whole heart into the business, gave me a higher position at 4s. per week, with commission. This I held for four months, when, to my surprise one morning, I was called to the principal's office and informed that he had been keeping a strict eye on my work and myself, and that he had come to the conclusion that I merited advancement; that an opportunity had occurred, and he was about to confer the position of branch manager in the North of England on me, and that from that date I could consider my salary 4s. per week, with commission and house rent free. This I have held, and do hold still, without a "bulldog" face.

"The Wrong Face" must try again, and this time put his shoulder to the wheel.

STICK TO IT.

IF to hold a good position be the "working principle" of a business man's activities, to be out of employment would appear to be the greatest calamity that could overtake such a man. If, however, a man's activities be governed by the highest working principle—viz., the development of his true manhood—then to hold a good position or to be unemployed are incidental to such development.

With the realisation of one's inner greatness grows the consciousness of the pervading Presence Who has marked out for each a share in the great world's work.

Whether that work be great or small, well-paid or ill-paid, matters little as long as it is worthily done and in the performance of it man's truest character is made or marred. It sometimes happens that this character can be more readily developed when man is thrown in upon himself by being thrown out of work.

In this case one is better to learn the wisdom of adversity than to fret one's soul in querulous murmurings against mankind or to resort to tricks and subterfuges to obtain another situation. It is often an unseen hand which closes the door with a view to man's destiny, and that same hand will open another when the lesson has been learned.

ÆDIFICATOR.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 13.—The beautiful clematises may now be planted out of pots. Clematises may be had in bloom from May until the autumn; those that bloom early (since they flower on last year's growths) must be but lightly pruned—simply tie up the shoots.

The popular montana blooms in May, and if last year's growths are cut away a poor show of flowers will result.

The Jackmanni section (and these varieties are the clematises generally seen in gardens) may be cut right down to a strong bud, as they blossom on shoots made during the spring and summer. These shoots should be carefully thinned and trained during the next six months.

E. F. T.

SEQUEL TO A RACING FALL

CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE FASHIONS:



Lord Rosebery's Wrack (the winner) and Major Symons taking the last obstacle in the Gloucestershire Hurdle at Cheltenham. Mr. F. B. Rees, the rider of Major Symons is falling over the wing of the fence. Fallon, trainer of Major Symons, has lodged a complaint against G. Duller, Wrack's jockey, who is seen in the circle. Wrack has yet to be defeated over hurdles.



Approved evening dress.

Day dress (all right).

Trou

In view of the vigorous campaign which is being waged by the Frenchwomen's Patriotic League against the slashed skirt and the "immoral tendency" of the modern feminine fashions, *The D*

STARCHFIELD WITNESS CHARGED.

SIR F. I



Moore smoking a cigarette.

P.-C. Foreman.

John Moore, who gave evidence in the Starchfield case, was charged with attempting to commit suicide. Police-constable Foreman saved his life by applying artificial respiration.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

IMPERATOR'S FENDER.

WHITE HOUSE BRIDE?



The enormous fender which is in use at Cuxhaven for the giant German liner *Imperator*.



Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, who, it is reported, is to wed Mr. McAdoo.



Mr. William G. McAdoo. He is a widower of fifty, with six children, while Miss Wilson is twenty-four.

SIR F. I



Sir Freder
minster Ab
gaged to b
Wood. Sir
of age, a

RESSES APPROVED AND DISAPPROVED

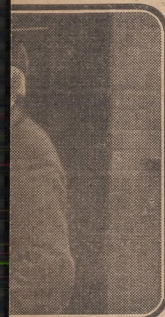


and exposed throat banned. Much too décolleté. Masculine tendency deplored. *Mirror* submitted these photographs to the secretary and a number of the members. Their verdict was that two of them were decent and becoming, and that three were not.

E ENGAGED.



Marjory Wood.



Miss Marjory.

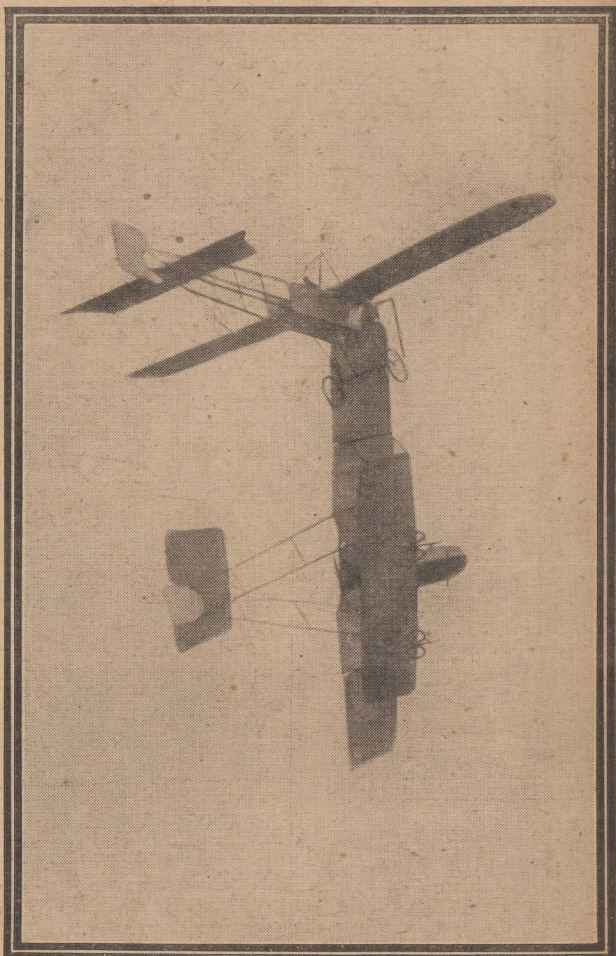
PICKABACK FOR CAMBRIDGE CREW.



idge, C.V.O., West-
house organist, is en-
ed to Miss Marjory
k is sixty-nine years
een twice married.

The Cambridge crew chaff their stroke as he is carried through the water. All the men had to reach the boat pickaback, as the river has overflowed. The picture was taken yesterday at Putney, where both crews are in training for the race on March 28. The Light Blues' opponents are using dried fruit as a training food this year.

TRAGEDY AVERTED BY INCHES



The spectators at the Heliopolis flying meeting held their breath and awaited the tragedy they were powerless to prevent. But the two machines did not collide. The pilots just averted an accident by the skin of their teeth.

RESTITUTION SUIT.



Lady Girouard, who is bringing a suit for restitution of conjugal rights against Sir E. P. Girouard.



Sir Edouard Percy Girouard. He was governor of the East Africa Protectorate from 1909-12.—(Lafayette.)

NEW BOY SCOUT TOY.



A boy scout who looks very like Drake. It is the very latest toy, and one of them has been presented to the little son and heir of "B.P." the Chief Scout.

It gives us very great pleasure to announce that last season we had the honour of supplying our Sweet Pea Seeds to HIS MAJESTY THE KING, for planting in His Majesty's private gardens at Osborne



For more than 20 years we have specialised in Sweet Peas, striving continuously to improve the flower in every particular, our strains now being recognised by the Trade as the standard of excellence. The above illustration is the type of flower we set ourselves to raise and fix, and thousands of cross-pollinations have been made with that object. Our New Race bears enormous flowers, generally four and often five or six blooms on long, stout stems.

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KING GEORGE (Crimson)	15. 3d.
ROYAL MAJESTY (Maize)	15. 3d.
EMPEROR OF INDIA (Black Maroon)	7. 3d.
IRIS ANDERSON (Picotee)	20. 31.
GWENDOLEN (Orange Pink)	7. 3d.
SWEET LAVENDER (Lavender)	20. 31.
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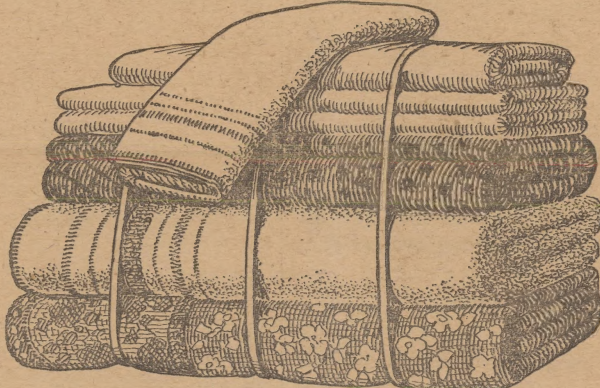
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least twice as much. Their easy payment terms are so simple that no one need be without a good supply of new household goods. You simply send 2s. with your order, and, if approved, you can pay the balance of the price 1s. weekly after you have received and examined the goods. Below is a description and illustration of a WONDERFUL BALE of Household Goods. All brand new and in perfect condition. A full 50s. worth for 20s. and delivered secured by payment of only 2s. with order from approved customers.



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- 1 Pair of very strong Twill Sheets (alone worth 7s. 6d.).
- 1 Handsome Alhambra Quilt.
- 6 Very Fine Longcloth Pillow Slips.
- 4 Large White Turkish Towels.

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Bale 62.

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"Daily Mirror"

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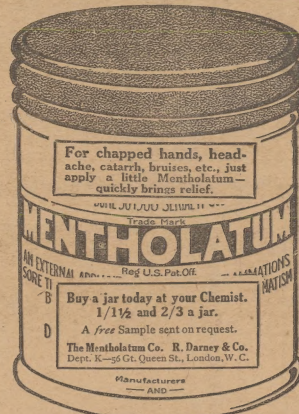
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The Story of a Woman's Heart

WHAT THE FIRST CHAPTERS TELL.

ELAINE CASSILLIS, the bride of twenty-three, who tells the story, opens with a wonderful picture of the love and devotion that fill a woman's heart in the first days of her marriage. For months it is a joy to be the bond slave of handsome

ROBERT CASSILLIS, her husband, who goes daily to business in the City; and she finds

PETER ROSS, a briefless barrister, who Robert brings to dinner, delightful in spite of his ugliness. Then just when Elaine's happiness is at its height, a shattering blow falls upon her. She awaits Robert one evening with great tidings. She is to become a mother. But instead of her husband comes a telegram saying he has been summoned on urgent business to Scotland.

A letter marked "Immediate" comes for him next day, and she opens it. It is teeming with passionate protests of love. At first she thinks it must be a horrible, a monstrous mistake.

And three more letters in the same handwriting, all addressed to him at their home, and she is driven to the conclusion that the paradise she has been living in is a fool's paradise. When the first shock is over, she seeks out the writer,

MISS ESBRON, a woman five or six years older than herself, and less good-looking, though pretty. Her house is luxuriously furnished. Miss Esbron refuses to tell why she wrote the letters. "There is nothing to explain," she declares.

Elaine returns home in despair. Robert will be back that evening. To Elaine's amazement, Miss Esbron calls just before he is due. Elaine runs up to her room to get the letters, determined to confront Robert and the woman with them. Robert, entering unheeded, finds her there.

"She repels him," she replies, "you want?" she asks. His face is white and agitated. "I want comfort, Elaine," he replies. "Go to the woman who wrote that and that and that," she retorts, flinging down the letters one by one on the floor. Elaine, before him, and she leads him in a bewildered state downstairs to the dining-room, where Miss Esbron waits.

As she throws open the door she shrinks back in horror. Miss Esbron, with her face pale and her hands tightly clenched, her lips blue.

Those who have read "The Daily Mirror" leaflet containing the first instalment should begin here:—

Miss Esbron is not dead, as they at first thought. But so terrible to Elaine is the picture of her husband bending tenderly over the stricken woman that she refuses to help him. She is leaving her room. Robert stares at her with a wild question in his eyes.

"Elaine, what has happened?" he demands while they are awaiting the arrival of the doctor. "Ask your friend," she replies, thrusting him aside and leaving the room.

Robert tells her that Miss Esbron is recovering, but he has arranged that she should stay overnight in the house. Elaine, who has been waiting for him, looks puzzled and dazed, but finally declares that Miss Esbron must stay.

Elaine leaves her home, her last glimpse of her husband showing him kneeling with every appearance of tenderness and solicitude beside the couch on which Miss Esbron lies. For a fortnight she lives alone with her misery in a little room in Lambeth. Then she decides that Robert must be told of the child to come. She goes to his office, passionately hoping that by some miracle everything might be put straight. But when she reaches his office in the City an old clerk tells her: "He has given up his business, miss, and he and Mrs. Cassilis went abroad last week."

Days pass before Elaine brings herself to seek the aid of Peter Ross, but he can only bid her "hope for the best." He tells her, however, that her little home is to be sold up, and that night she is impelled to take a last glimpse at the place where she had had her brief spell of radiant happiness.

She arrives at the house, enters the garden and is arrested by a pencil of light across the lawn. Someone was in the house. Was it a burglar? In dread she crosses the window and, peering through a chink left by the too narrow blind, Elaine beholds her husband! He is haggard and weary as he stands there in the drawing-room, his gaze directed at the door. Suddenly she walks resolutely to the desk, and from a drawer takes out a revolver.

Elaine, helpless and distraught, sees her husband place the barrel to his forehead. Elaine is about to back to the window, when Miss Esbron enters the room, and Robert slips the revolver into his coat pocket. Elaine overhears a passionate interview, in which Agatha Esbron protests her love for Robert. "You wrote me left you the moment she knew you had lost your money," cries Miss Esbron. But Robert will hear nothing against

his wife. "I shall find my wife," he says. "She'll come back to me." Elaine's bruised heart rejoices to hear her husband's words.

Miss Esbron is able to have Robert arrested owing to a technical breach of the law regarding money she lent him to put into his business. She threatens to have a warrant issued unless Robert will renounce his wife for her. Robert refuses to sign a blank, when Miss Esbron gives him until the next day to decide.

Elaine, still peering through the chink in the blinds, sees her rival depart and her husband, with a cry of anguish, sink into a chair before the desk.

Noislessly Elaine thrusts open the French window and steps into the room. She breathes his name, "Robert!" and takes the revolver from him. He takes her in his arms, and she clings to him. He tells her how he searched for her in vain, and how he had to lay in hiding, as he suspected that Miss Esbron had applied for a warrant for his arrest.

Next morning they decide that Robert must go to France, where Elaine is to join him as soon as she has sold her jewellery.

Robert departs, and as he steps on to the footpath he sees a man lay a hand on his shoulder. Through the open window the words come to her: "I am a police officer, and have orders to serve a warrant for your arrest!"

Caught by the fearful shock, Elaine loses consciousness. When she recovers there is no sign of Robert or the man who had arrested him. She springs to her feet; she must save Robert, she must humiliate herself by pleading for mercy from Miss Esbron.

During the interview Miss Esbron tortures Elaine with her cruel taunts, and at last delivers her terms:—

"Give him up to me—give Robert up to me—and I will withdraw the warrant."

In vain Elaine pleads for mercy, and at last she consents to the terrible conditions. But, on returning to her lodging, she realises that the bargain is an impossible one. "A woman cannot keep her marriage vows for any reason on earth," she cries.

She returns to Miss Esbron's house to withdraw her promise, and is shown into the empty drawing-room. She enters, and, without a word, goes up and down. The name "Cassilis" starts out at her from a letter on the desk. The contents might be helpful to Robert! At this thought she cannot restrain herself, and taking the letter from the desk, she begins to read.

The letter, which is unsigned and bears no address, tells Miss Esbron that she must contrive to have Robert imprisoned or else drive him abroad, so that his ruin may be complete. Elaine also learns that Miss Esbron is being well paid by the unknown writer to work against Robert!

The moment she has read the letter a maid enters the room and tells Elaine that Miss Esbron has gone out. Elaine leaves the house. She must, to Robert, for he alone can explain the mystery. But Robert has been liberated!

For the next few months Elaine endures the torments of suspense, loneliness, and poverty, and then, in the humble lodging, her baby—a boy—is born.

A few weeks later Elaine learns from Parsons, an old clerk of Robert's, that the mysterious letter was written by Tiffany Riley, a dangerous trade rival. Then one night the landlady announces "a gentleman to see you, ma'am," Elaine turns. "Robert," she whispers, "Robert!"

"DARKNESS AND LIGHT."

FOR a space of time, which may have been infinitesimal, but which I am unable to compute, all life seemed suspended for me.

I had uttered Robert's name without consciousness, and without consciousness my arms had gone out to him. But I had not entirely grasped the full actuality of what had happened.

Robert was before me! As I flew towards him I saw him close the door behind him, then turn and fling out his hands towards me.

"Elaine—Elaine!" he whispered.

A moment later I was enfolded close in his arms, and the world grew glorious and glorified, and I lived so exquisitely in the present that I cared neither for past nor future.

Only two or three times in my life have I known the high rapture of such a moment as that. We had been parted so long, and the feelings seemed to have ebbed away since last Robert held me in his arms. And my heart—that had known sorrow and bitterness in the long, lonely months—seemed suddenly to live again.

Robert was with me again! His fine, handsome face was looking down into mine, his strong arms enfolded me.

Then, when the first moments had passed, he held me from him in a way he has with his hands on my shoulders, and in the dim, lamp-lit room of the little lodgings he scanned my face long and tenderly.

"More beautiful than ever, Elaine! More beautiful than ever!" he repeated.

But I was conscious of an expression of my face had altered. I was looking at him pitifully—for the recollection that he had written to me only once slipped between us and stabbed my heart!

I had suffered so cruelly that even in that moment of our reunion the thought of the past shadowed my eyes, and words of which I was scarcely aware slipped from my lips.

"Robert," I whispered, "why did you never write to me? My heart was full of dread and anxiety for you—and, during all those long months, you wrote only once!"

"Wrote only once?" he repeated, and a look of astonishment came into his eyes. "Only once, Elaine," he said. "I don't understand."

"The letter you wrote without an address," I explained, "telling me you had escaped from Miss

Esbron, and were obliged to go abroad. That was the only letter. And that came months and months ago!"

He had been holding my hands in his; he let them slip from his grasp now, and stepped back a pace or two, with his eyes fixed on mine.

"But I wrote to you again and again, Elaine," he protested, "and it was only because you never answered, because I had grown afraid for you that I ventured to come back. I simply couldn't bear the suspense any longer. I am risking my freedom to come back to England, but the thought of you ill and all alone, and possibly unable to write to me, maddened me! So to-day I threw all caution to the wind and came to you! It was an awfully stupid thing to do, Elaine, when I reached the door and asked Mrs. Graham if you were in—you see I had imagined all sorts of things—" He broke off.

"Robert," I said, "I never received a single one of those letters! Are you sure you addressed them correctly?"

"I addressed them here." And as he spoke our eyes met, and we both stood still for a long minute. I think the world dawned on us simultaneously. The letters had been intercepted!

My mind flew instantly to my landlady, Mrs. Graham, and I discarded the idea. She was honest with herself—I was sure of that!

"Is there no one else in the house who might possibly be in the pay of Miss Esbron?"

I shook my head slowly—then suddenly the memory of Mrs. Bristow came to me. She had been coming and going of each other—since my arrival, and had wormed her way into the landlady's confidence. There had been something about her I had always disliked, and Robert and I found long afterwards that our suspicions were right. It was an answer sent to me by Robert had been intercepted by her!

The fact of the letters being intercepted proved that our enemies were still active, but we were still the friends of each other. I thought that we were together again—to think of anything outside ourselves.

Of course, I was curious as to every little detail that had happened to Robert since his departure. I don't know exactly how long it must have taken him to tell all that had happened, but I must have riddled him with questions. It seems that he had remained in hiding in Dieppe for a month or two, and then went to London, where a friend gave him a small temporary employment in his office. Miss Esbron had actually found him out—evidently through the intercepted letters—and had come to him in Ostend, but he had escaped her again.

When Robert told me this, the utter shamelessness and abandonment of the woman impressed itself upon me with redoubled force. Her determination, and the violence of her character, filled my mind with an inexplicable dread. I was afraid of her—I was afraid of what she might do next to Robert. And the terrible fact stared me in the face that at any moment Robert could be snatched from me and flung into prison to gratify this woman's rage and disappointment! Suddenly I felt myself clinging to Robert and pouring all these things out to him in broken sentences. And then I heard his firm, strong voice comforting me, turning my thoughts into happier channels again.

"Elaine," he whispered, "isn't there any news for me—my Elaine?"

Then, again, the past and present were forgotten and, taking Robert's hand in mine, I led him to the little basket cot that stood beside my bed, and turning back the coverlet, I showed him the boy!

My heart seemed strangely full; I could scarcely speak.

"My sweet, Robert—" I began.

But Robert wanted to see him close, to hold him for a minute. And when I took the tiny fellow out of the cot his eyes opened, and for a moment he blinked about him; then, finding that the world quite to his liking, he passed into dreams again.

After that Robert and I sat side by side before the fire, and he listened to everything that had happened to me.

"It must have been awful for you to go through all that alone!"

"Not so awful as not hearing from you, Robert," I told him.

Then at length the thought of the future came to us. We had talked for a full hour of the past—and the future was like a blank wall barring our progress.

Robert, who had long ago taken off his overcoat, paced the floor with his hands behind his back, deep in thought, as once he went to the window and looked cautiously out.

"Elaine!" he said in a low, guarded voice, for the walls of Mrs. Graham's house were thin.

"Elaine, if only I could get out of Miss Esbron's clutches by hook or crook!"

"I suppose, Robert," I interrupted, "there is no possible way of getting the five thousand pounds and repaying her?"

Robert shook his head. "I offered to pay her

(Continued on page 13.)

TO REMOVE OR PREVENT

Indigestion is the cause of a vast amount of bodily discomfort and pain, and a very frequent cause of depression and misery. If people would only realise that the most necessary condition of good health, of strength, even of bodily comfort, is a healthy stomach, and that a weak stomach would be much less suffering in the world, and a great increase of happiness. Moreover, if people would also realise that the safe, simple way to keep the stomach, liver, and bowels healthily active is to take an occasional dose of Mother Seigel's Syrup, then their general physical condition would always be one of fitness and well-being.

INDIGESTION

No man or woman can be strong or cheerful, or consistently happy, if he or she is subject to frequent attacks of biliousness, and headaches, pains after eating, sleeplessness, flatulence, hurried tongue, and constipation. But an occasional dose of Mother Seigel's Syrup will give you good digestion, will help to keep your liver and bowels active, and rid you of the fear of indigestion and its evil consequences.

TAKE MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT FOR MAKING STRAIGHT HAIR WAVY AND FLUFFY.

Many a charming face is spoiled by straight, lank and excessively greasy hair. Naturally curly hair gives a most charming effect to even a plain face, a fact which unfortunately has been known for many years. This knowledge alone has resulted in the ruination of thousands of heads of beautiful hair by slow torture, from that terrible instrument, the curling iron, to the use of the hair wave, and the hair squirts and twists under such treatment. Yet this is the very result you aim at. Well, I have no doubt that each one individually is of the opinion that the results justify the means, but let me tell you that the reckoning will have to be paid, and in a manner which will be far from pleasant. The twists and curls created by the hot iron are the hair's dying tortures, and it is only a question of time when you will have no hair left to torture. If it is absolutely necessary to have wavy hair then there is a far more simple and harmless process, which any woman may adopt without fear as to the results. Get from your chemist two ounces of salerine, and pour about two tablespoonsful into a saucer. With a clean toothbrush apply this to the hair upon retiring. You will be quite amazed at the result, and one application will last for many days. Damp weather need have no terrors for you if you take these simple precautions, and straight wispy tails will be converted into tight little curls.—(Adv't.)

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Guaranteed Absolutely Pure

You cannot afford to use inferior Substitutes
You MUST have the Best
Every Grocer carries them

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet giving many ways of using Chivers' Jellies. Mention this Paper
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—headaches

"Shut down like a knife!" Neuralgia and raging toothache, quickly and harmlessly chased away by rubbing in

Mentholated 'VASELINE'

(REGD. TRADE MARK.)

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—Buy the original tubes packed by the Chesebrough Co. Tubes 1-lb of all Chemists. If unavailable locally, send P.O. or stamps, and your order will be immediately filled, carriage free.—Chesebrough Mfg. Co. (Cons'd), 42, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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"I have braided my hair with bands of gold—bands of gold on my ebony tresses," sings Jacob's granddaughter in "Joseph and His Brethren." Ebony, brown, dark brown, or any desired shade can be obtained by simply combing Seeger's through the hair. Seeger's has an annual sale of over 400,000 bottles. A medical certificate accompanies each package. If greyiness is approaching or has arrived do not wait another day. If you use close seven stamps to Hindes, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, London, you will receive a sample bottle privately packed, which will enable you to prove the simplicity of Seeger's method. Seeger's is already known to you. The full size bottle of Seeger's is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere for 2s.—(Adv't.)

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY BY A WOMAN.

REMARKABLE FORMULA TO REMOVE
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Will Forfeit £50 If Free Sample Fails.

5,000 FREE TRIAL TREATMENTS TO
READERS OF "THE DAILY MIRROR."

Marvellous! This is the only word I can find to express my opinion of Mme. Mildred Courtenay's newly-discovered formula for removing superfluous hair on the face, neck, arms, etc., which, to say the least, is most disfiguring to the features and general appearance. The formula, which has been put to the greatest possible scientific tests by eminent authorities on the subject and physicians, undoubtedly sounds the death knell to Electrolysis, a painful, tedious and lengthy operation.

Mme. Courtenay's Formula accomplishes the same effect in practically as many minutes without the faintest twinge. The mode of application is as simple as applying cold cream to the face, and just as delightful, leaving a perfectly smooth and hairless skin.

So positive is the Discoverer that her formula is infallible that she not only offers to every woman troubled with constant recurring and re-growing superfluous hair a free trial, but offers to pay £50 to any charitable institution which—on user's mention—should the free sample fail to completely remove every hair from any place on your face, arms, neck, or any part of the body, of, say the size of a shilling.

Remember this is only the free sample. What then, must a full course of treatment do in the way of restoring beauty marred by superfluous hair, perhaps hair that has grown more and more stubborn as it is shaved, pulled out, or broken off, also thicker and even more bristly, especially if growing from a mole?

What, then, must the complete treatment accomplish? And tell me—where is the lady troubled with superfluous hair who will not take advantage of this free offer of the celebrated discoverer.

It is quite possible that Madame Courtenay has not counted the cost of her free offer, for there will be thousands upon thousands of applications for the free sample. Luckily, she exacts from every applicant 3 penny stamps to cover cost of packing and postage, but for all that her expenses will be great until she is justly rewarded by gaining the patronage for a complete course of treatment from those convinced by the marvellousness of her discovery, the ease with which it is applied and the positive results of the free trial.

AN ASTONISHING PERSONAL TEST.

From what the writer has personally seen—from experiments actually made on my own arm, and also on my face the discovery is positively revolutionary. It has changed all my old ideas of "once hairy always hairy."

Mind you, the hair will not come off as though by one wipe of the barber's razor, but when you apply it and the liquid has soaked into the hair—right through the hollow cell and down to the root—gradually the hairs curl, fall lifeless and die, and in a minute or two you can wipe them off with a soft sponge, leaving the skin as smooth and clear as an infant's. The part is then washed with a little cold water, and your superfluous hair has vanished, leaving the skin unaffected in the slightest degree.

The above has been my experience, it can be yours as well, simply by asking for the free sample of this astonishing preparation, for it is decidedly marvellous. Try it on your arm in the first instance, and thus gain experience in applying it, or try it on a friend if you are the least nervous at first. You will be simply surprised.

What I say to every woman troubled with superfluous hair on the face, arms or any part of the body, is, that they should write this minute to Madame Courtenay, whose address is (Laboratory 4), 12, Archer-street, Piccadilly, London, W., enclosing three penny stamps to cover packing and postage, and obtain the free trial treatment offered together with the discoverer's booklet which has just been published.

The booklet contains some of the most guarded secrets of many of the world's famous Beauty specialists, for which Madame assures us she cares little, as secrets, but thinks they are invaluable hints and suggestions on the care of the skin which every woman should know, for, as Madame Courtenay explained when interviewed, what most Beauty Specialists consider secrets are but elementary knowledge in the art of obtaining and retaining a perfect complexion, healthy, clear and always fascinating. Therefore write for her booklet, but, more especially, learn all about this wonderful formula, which positively removes all superfluous hair, besides all blemishes, black-heads, pimples, etc., rendering the skin smooth and velvety.—(Adv't.)



MME. MILDRED COURTENAY.

Reproduced from a portrait by M. Costa.

OUR CHILDREN'S SATURDAY CORNER.

Jack and Joan Meet Green Cap's Uncle,
Whose Fairy Friends Dance Round
Them in the Clouds.

My Dear Boys and Girls.—This week I want all of you who are reading the adventures of Jack and Joan to see how prettily you can colour the picture of their arrival in the clouds and to send it to me—just to let me know how many friends I have.

Colour your picture with water-colours or chalks, and send it, with your name and address and age, to "The Children's Corner, The Daily Mirror, 23, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.4," so that it arrives not later than the first post on Wednesday next. Four prizes are offered—5s., 3s., and two of 2s. 6d. each.

Prizes for colouring the picture of Joan slipping



Four prizes are offered for colouring this picture.

off the baby cloud are awarded to:—First (5s.), Phyllis M. Briggs (aged eight), Sutherland, West Barnes-lane, New Malden, Surrey; second (3s.), Charlie White (aged twelve), 19, Hereford-street, Grange, Cardiff; third, (2s. 6d.), Olive Abbott (aged ten), 20, Lewis-street, Derby; fourth (2s. 6d.), Margot Haydn-Smith (aged six), 3, Harwood Mansions, Walham Green.—Good-bye until next week.

AUNT MARY.

NEARLY 500 YEARS SINCE HE SAW CHILDREN.

(Continued from last week.)

A delightful surprise awaited Green Cap as, accompanied by Jack and Joan, he stepped out of the "mackerel" sky on to the dry cloud.

A very, very old little man, with a long white beard that swept the ground, came out to meet them. "Green Cap!" he exclaimed, in a high, piping voice.

"Uncle!" cried Green Cap, and the two goblins embraced each other warmly.

"Fancy finding an uncle in the clouds!" said Jack, in astonishment. "What a funny thing," said Joan.

Then Green Cap's uncle came towards the children with tears of gladness in his eyes. "How glad I am to see you," he said. "You are the first real children I have seen for nearly five hundred years."

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 119.



A type of beauty which all will admire. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of names of the originals with the best summary of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits appear—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

A REVELATION.
Frying Pancakes or Fish in ATORA Refined Beef Suet is a revelation. No unpleasant smell when heated, and no "after-taste." Your grocer sells it—ask for ATORA in black. Redus substituted brand.—(Adv't.)

"Oh, please tell us about it," cried the twins together, full of excitement.

"My name is Merry Boy," he said. "Five hundred years ago I was on earth, and nobody was cleverer than I at amusing the children. But I offended the fairies—they were jealous of me—and they banished me—to the clouds."

"Since then I have lived here, attended by half a dozen faithful fairies and elves, at the foot of the Ten Thousand Steps, which lead to the Beginning of the Rainbow."

"Of course, you will come with us up the steps, uncle," said Green Cap.

"I can't move from here," sighed Merry Boy.

"The snow fairies will not let me come any farther."

At this moment Jack and Joan heard the loveliest music, and running over to them came Merry Boy's friends. Joining hands they danced round and round, singing at the top of their voices, while Green Cap and his uncle talked of old times.

"I suppose we must be going now," said Green

Cap at last, and bidding them all good-bye, our friends started to climb up the Steps.

"What is that sound like the wind sighing?" asked Joan.

"That is the noise the fairies make when they cry," said Green Cap. "My uncle's friends are sorry because we have gone."

Slowly they began to climb the Ten Thousand Steps. Next week we shall see what a delightful surprise awaited them at the top.

EVERY STYLE FOR EVERY GIRL.

Problem of Dressing Miss Fourteen Among
Those Solved at Latest Display.

The many hundreds of women who occupied every inch of Pontings' mantle floor—and as many more who could find points of vantage in the gallery above—were charmed with *The Daily Mirror* display of children's fashions yesterday afternoon. In some ways it was the prettiest of all the demonstrations in connection with our Academy of Shopping.

The winsome little girls who trooped on to the stage in long procession, showing off the latest of dresses, gave thrills of pleasure to the on-lookers. Every style of dress was shown on every type of girl, the ages of the models ranging from sweet seventeen to less than one.

It was either the infant in arms who headed the procession or the dimpled nurse who carried her who drew forth the little murmurs of approval.

Next a little boy, hardly out of the perambulator, climbed on the platform, dressed all ready to go to a wedding as a page. When a little bridesmaid tripped after him and the orchestra struck up a wedding march the audience laughed delightedly.

Then there were girls ready for school and girls ready for play in pretty dresses which would keep their shape however much their little wearers tumbled about in them. Frocks which buttoned all the way down in front, to the banishment of the hateful hooks and eyes, were in great favour.

NOTHING "ANGULAR" TO BE SEEN.

How pleased the audience were when an "angular" girl of fourteen walked in. Miss Harrison, the head of the children's department and chief demonstrator, said she was angular, but nobody could tell, for all the awkward lines of Miss Fourteen were completely hidden by a loose, long-waisted frock.

"The child of fourteen is so difficult," said Miss Harrison; "she is neither a girl nor a young woman. It is far better to make her look sixteen!"

The demonstration was more than an instructive lesson to mothers—it was a pleasant social function. Songs were sung by Miss Alice Cheetham; Miss Winifred Browne, whom many of the visitors recognised as Snowdrop in "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales," gave folk dances, Russian dances and "sunside dances" to demonstrate the complete freedom of the newest dance dresses; and Miss Hayes, a pretty girl who takes honours and prizes for physical drill, went through a series of delightful exercises to music to demonstrate the great "practicability" of gymnasium costumes.

Further lecture-demonstrations on new subjects are being arranged, and will be announced in a day or two.

Votes for Biomalz

Dr. S

I have used the samples of Biomalz, which I find an excellent means of increasing physical energy and improving the general condition. I have noticed especially an obvious improvement in the colour of the complexion, stimulation of the appetite, and increase of body weight.

Dr. W

My wife has taken a course of Biomalz with great advantage. I was particularly gratified to observe a rapid increase of weight, together with a healthy blooming appearance of the complexion.

Nurse E.S.

In the course of my professional duties I have had considerable experience of Biomalz, which I have found to be more satisfactory than any other preparation. On account of my habitual pallor I have lately taken Biomalz myself, and am being constantly asked by my friends, "Whatever have you done to improve your complexion so much?" My weight increased 21bs. per week during a month's treatment.

Mrs. D. (Doctor's wife):

After five times of Biomalz there was a very obvious improvement in my appearance. There was a steady improvement in my appetite with consequent increase of weight, and I feel much better in general health than before.

Indeed: There are many other preparations to ensure Health, Strength and Beauty, but none is better, none more palatable and more efficacious, than that excellent

Tonic Food Biomalz

which is highly appreciated all the world over.

It strengthens the body wonderfully. Limp, flabby features disappear, the colour of the face becomes fresher and healthier, the complexion clearer. In the case of persons who have become anemic, pale and thin through malnutrition, the appetite improves to a gratifying degree.

This food will be found better than any other tonic by those who suffer from overwork, illness or nervous troubles, also for elderly people, expectant and nursing mothers, and anemic children.

Small and large tins at 1/3 and 2/3.
Sold by all Chemists.

Insist on having BIOMALZ.

Free Sample of Biomalz sent on receipt of 3d. stamp for postage, etc., by Paternann Bros., 3, Regent House, Kingsway, London, W.C.



LIPTONS COCOA



**¼lb for
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BECAUSE—**

The Quality is absolutely guaranteed. It possesses a delicious and distinctive flavour, which fully satisfies the palate.

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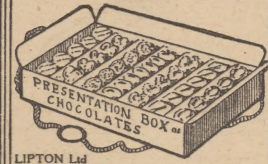
The price is only 4d. per ¼-lb. tin, half the usual charge for BEST COCOA.

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THIS PRESENTATION BOX
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6 1-lb. Tins of Lipton's Cocoa.

The Labels can be exchanged at any of our Branches.



LIPTON Ltd

NEW SERIAL.

BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE STORY EVER WRITTEN.

(Continued from page 11.)

by instalments when last I saw her. I offered her every spare penny till the debt was liquidated, and she wouldn't accept."

Robert was still walking the carpet with his head bowed in anxious thought, when the recollection of the letter I had read at Miss Esbourn's house came to me. And I told him of it, and of Parsons's visit to me.

I repeated the letter word for word, and Robert stared at me in amazement.

"Mr. Parsons is sure," I concluded, "that the letter was written by your business rival—"

"Tiffany Riley!" supplied Robert, with sudden and startling energy. An angry light that frightened me came into his fine, handsome eyes.

"Tiffany Riley," I repeated.

Robert's brow had darkened, and his hands clenched themselves tight.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed at length, "I never suspected that Tiffany Riley and Miss Esbourn were in league against me—both fighting against me! That is what the letter means, Elaine. Naturally, I hadn't a chance with the two of them scheming to pull me down! And Tiffany Riley, with his unlimited money and his heart of stone!"

It was not Miss Esbourn who occupied my thoughts now, but the new sinister figure of Tiffany Riley—the man who had set out to ruin Robert, and had succeeded only too well!

I was looking at Robert's tired, worn face, as he sat before me. His eyes were stern, his lips set in a hard line. He was fighting, fighting as he always would fight, to the last ditch. But the forces arrayed against him were too strong. Nothing could lift him to his feet now! If Riley and Miss Esbourn discovered that he was in England he would be immediately rearrested! And of what would follow that I dared not think!

I would not, would not let my mind tolerate even a shadow of such a possibility. And suddenly I felt my heart crying out in wild, mad protest at the utter horror of it all!

Robert, who had been still for a long time, turned and looked at me. The idea of Robert in prison maddened me.

"I must go, Elaine! Now I know you are safe I must slip away again."

The words stabbed my heart through and through. "Go!" I whispered. "Go—you must go, Robert?"

He rose wearily and brokenly from his chair.

"It is the only thing to do," he said.

"No, no, no!" I broke out in passionate protest. "There must—must be some other way!"

I was clasped in his arms now, and my mind was leaping here and there in frantic efforts to find even the smallest loophole of escape, but I could think of nothing. The thought of our separation in these circumstances was more than I could bear; but I knew he was right. The police would inevitably find him if he stayed where we were.

But I was frantic in my desire to be with him, to support him, to sustain him in the dark hours of his trial and suffering.

"Listen, Robert," I said, looking up into his face. "We'll go away together; we'll hide ourselves in other lodgings. I can make enough to keep us both until we have thought of some better plan."

But he was shaking his head, and we both knew that nothing could help us, nothing could lift the black cloud from our lives except the withdrawal of the warrant.

Again and again my mind had been driven back by this fact, and now, in this moment of anguish, a sudden light blazed into my mind—an idea that dazzled me with its possibilities took possession of me.

And swiftly, and in a manner that puzzled Robert, I became almost calm. I began to question him about Tiffany Riley, carefully and quietly, seeking not to arouse his suspicions.

What manner of man was Tiffany Riley? Was he young or old? How long had he been an enemy of Robert's? What were his tastes? Was he a married man?

Presently Robert, who had been answering me rather absently, looked at me with sudden keenness. "Why do you ask these things now, Elaine?" he said. And I evaded him.

"This man is your enemy," I responded. "I naturally want to know all about him!"

But my idea was circling and burning in my brain. All that night I thought of it. I had managed to persuade Robert to stay until the next day, but I saw that he suffered more for me than for himself at the thought of being discovered.

And when I looked at his anguished face—the fine, handsome face, that had always filled me with pride in him, my heart cried out again—"Surely, surely I can help! Surely, surely there is something I can do!" Robert had been reckless, mad in coming back, but I loved him for it.

I turned away from Robert and went to the window.

I had grown strangely calm—a curious, cold, tigerish ferocity possessed me—and a determination that nothing on earth could shake!

I must act—act! I must do something to save Robert. I must do something now! For myself I cared nothing—but to see Robert broken and bowed like this was more than I could bear!

My idea again flamed into possession of me.

Even if this man's heart were a heart of stone—even if he were a hundred times as antagonistic and ruthless and hard, as Robert had said, I must go to Tiffany Riley! By some wonderful chance I might touch him—I might win him round—I might light a spark of pity in his hard heart that could be fanned into a flame!

I had made up my mind at last. There was only one thing to do—I must go to Tiffany Riley!

Robert was sitting with bowed head in a chair by the fire. I decided not to tell him what I intended to do, but went to him and touched him tenderly and encouragingly on the shoulder.

"Robert," I began, and as the word passed my lips a thrill ran through me. Robert suddenly sat erect, tense and listening in his chair.

Someone was knocking loudly at the front door of the house. In a flash I was at our door listening, listening with all my ears, and Mrs. Graham's voice came up to me.

"You wish to see Mrs. Cassilis, sir?" "Not Mrs. Cassilis," came the voice at the door, "not Mrs. Cassilis—I said Mr. Cassilis!"

Another thrilling instalment of this story will appear on Monday.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Late Spurt in Consols—The Public and New Issues.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

The Stock Markets yesterday were conspicuous for a late jump to 75½ in Consols and a spirited rally in Americans and Canadas towards the close on Wall Street buying. The general tone otherwise was rather depressed, an outstanding feature being a slump of 1s. 9d. to 7s. 9d. in Great Cobsars.

The public is apparently discriminating carefully in its selection of new issues. On Thursday it was announced that about 80 per cent. of the Budapest £1,000,000 loan had been left with the underwriters, while yesterday it became known that only about 20 per cent. of the City of Vancouver's £425,700 issue had been subscribed. Thus out of a total offer of £1,425,700 the public has only subscribed approximately £285,140.

On the other hand, the issue of 300,000 Ten per Cent. Ordinary shares of £1 each in Harrods (Buenos Aires)—a particularly attractive issue of its class—has been three times oversubscribed.

Among Newspaper prices Amalgamated Ordinary fell ½d. to 5½, but the Preference were again quoted at 22s., while Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference remained at 24s. 3d. and 22s. respectively, and Pictorial Newspaper Ordinary and Preference at 23s. and 19s.



The Dusky Flapper cuts a dash and makes a shine just because she uses CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.



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Send POSTCARD for FREE SAMPLE giving your own and your dealer's name and address to Dept. H. 23.

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Song of the Year."THE TUNING
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ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI, Strand. To-day, at 2 and 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDS' Musical Production. THE GIRL FROM UTAH. Matinees, Every Sat., at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.10. Tels. 2645, 4896 Gtr.

ALDWYCH. THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION. To-night, at 8. (Last night.)

AMBASSADOR'S. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA, ANNA KARENINA.

Matinees, Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Regent 2890, 4933.)

APOLLO. 3.30. CHARLES HAWTREY in NEVER SAY DIE by W. H. Post. 2.30, 8.30. The Quod Wrangle. Mat. (both plays), Weds., Sat., 2.20.

COMEDY THE TYRANNY OF TEARS. By C. Haddon Chambers.

To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Sat., at 2.30.

CRITERION. To-day, at 8 and 9, "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS," by Cyril Harcourt, Allan Ayresworth, Little Venice, Sam. Jackson, Zola Bell.

Knoblauch. MATINEE, WEDS. AND SATS., at 2.15. At

DALY'S THEATRE. TO-NIGHT, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET. A Musical Play, in 3 Acts. MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.30.

DUKE OF YORKS. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Charles Frohman presents THE LAND OF PROMISE by W. S. Maughan. MATINEE, TO-DAY AND EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.30.

GAIETY. TO-DAY, 2 and 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production, AFTER THE GIRL. Matinee Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.10.

GARRICK. 2.45 and 8.45. Louis Meyer presents WHO'S THE LADY. 2.15 and 8.15. "The Quails." Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.45.

GLOBE. To-day, 2.15 and 8. OSCAR ASCHE and LILY BRAYTON in KISMET, by Edward Knoblauch. MATINEE, WEDS. AND SATS., at 2.15. At

HAYMARKET. WITHIN THE LAW. To-day, 3 and 9. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. 2.30, 8.30. "A Dear Little Wife." Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30, 8.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. To-day, 2.15 and 8.15. THE DARLING OF THE GODS. By HERBERT TREE.

KINGSWAY. THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By Arnold Bennett. 2.30, 8.30. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30, 8.30.

LITTLE THEATRE, John-st., Strand. 3 and 9. KENNEL FORTH presents "MAGIO," by G. K. CHESTERTON. 2.30 and 8.30. "The Magic Cure," by BERNARD SHAW. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30, City, 4927.

LYCEUM. YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU. NIGHTLY, 7.45. Mats., Weds. and SAT., 2.30. NEW DRAMA, by Percy Gordon Holmes. Produced by Walter and Fredk. Melville. Prices, 6d. to 5s. Gtr. 7617-8.

NEW. 2.30 and 8.15. THE JOY RIDE LADY. Music by IRAN CLEMMER. MATS., SATS., at 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. 3.9. Miss MARIE TEMPEST presents THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY. 2.30 and 8.30. Mr. Warwick Price. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.45. BROADWAY JONES, by "The Model and the Man." MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

PRINCES. NIGHTLY, at 8. Matinees, Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. WALTER HOWARD'S New Romantic Play, THE STORY OF THE ROSARY. 100th PERFORMANCES TO-DAY, Sat. Prices, 6d. to 5s. 5933 Gtr.

ROYALTY. 3.30. "PEGGY AND HER HUSBAND." 2.30, 8.15. "Acad Drops." DENNIS EADIE, GLADYD COOPER. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. THE PEARL GIRL. MUSICAL COMEDY. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. MAT., WEDS. AND SATS., at 2.

QUEEN'S. Mr. Gaston Mayer presents a Great New Actor in a Great New Play, WALKER WHITEHEAD in THE MELTING POT, by Israel Zangwill. Evening, 8.15. Mats., Weds. and SATS., 2.30. Gtr. 9437.

ST. JAMES'S. THE TWO VIRTUES. By ALFRED SUTRO. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MARTHA HEIMAN. Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

SAVOY. TO-DAY, at 2.30 and 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER.

Strand. TO-DAY, 3 and 9. Louis Meyer presents MR. WU, a New Anglo-Chinese Play. MATHUSON LANG. LILLIAN BRATTWHITE. 2.15, 8.30. THE ENTERTAINERS. Mat., Weds., Sat.

VAUDEVILLE, Strand. To-day at 3 and 9. HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND, by Richard Price. 2.30, 8.30. Frederic Norton. Mat., Weds. and SATS., 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S. At 2 and 8. DIPLOMACY, by Victorien Sardou. MATS., WEDS., SATS., at 2.

ALHAMBRA. KEEP SMILING. Revue, MAIN STAIRCASE. Varieties, 8.15. Revue, 8.55. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2.15. Reduced prices.

HIPPODROME. Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. "HILLO TANGO." Edol Levey, Shirley Kellogg, Harry Tate, Gerald Kirby, Toddie Garner, Morris Harvey, etc., etc. 10 to 10.10. Tel., 660 Gtr.

PALACE. NIJINSKY, the famous Premier Danseur, in "LES SYLPHIDES" (last week) and LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE. Divertissement, "DANS LE POLOVSENNÉ" (1st time), etc. SEVERIN MAIS and IRENE BORDONI (last week), ANKA LAYEWA (last week), GENERAL LA VINE, Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2. Full Programme, Evenings, 8.

PALLADIUM. 6.10 and 9.10. Mon., Wed. and Sat., 2.30, 6.10 and 9.10. "THE POLLOIS." RUTH VINCENT, HENRY KING, MAURIE SCOTT, PHIL RAY, FREGOLIA, ERNIE LOTINGA and CO. WELLS v. BLAKE on the Bioscope, etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. Motor Museum now open. Skating Rink, 4 sessions. Football, C. P. v. Southampton (8.15). Cinema, Music, etc. in theatre, A. TEXAS RANGER. 7.45. Return fare, Palace admis., 1s. 6d. at 2. Full Programme, Evenings, 8.

MASKELVNE & EVANT'S MYSTERIES. At St. George's Hall, Oxford-circus, W. Daily, at 3 and 8. (See the Motor Cycle Mystery, "THE YOGI'S STAR," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. Mayfair, 1545.)

GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. QUEEN'S HALL. TO-MORROW (SUNDAY) EVENING. Orchestra of 120 performers. POPULAR PRICES, 3s. to 1s. Smoking permitted.

KING OF ALBANIA HONOURS SARGA, the actor-musician and composer—Leonard and Co.

AERO AND MARINE EXHIBITION. Olympia—March 16 to 25. Patron, H.M. The King. Aircraft, Marine and River Craft, Aero, Marine and Stationary Engines. Open, 10 to 10.10. Admission, 1s.

WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC. Herbert G. Ponting at Philharmonic Hall, Great Port-lan-d-st. Twice daily, 3 and 8.15. Thrilling story; Unique Pictures. 1s. to 5s. 5903 Mayfair.

WONDERFUL Caves at Chislehurst. Most remarkable remains of ancient British and Roman work in England, miles of passages; Drunken Couple, etc. Open daily, Sundays included (6d.). Buses from Bromley.

"Leopards" by HUCKS and HAMEL at HENDON. TO-DAY, Sat., March 14 (3.30 to 5.30 p.m., 7.45 to 9.15 p.m.). Admission, 6d. to 2s. 6d. 5s. Air Racing every Sat. Exhibitions, Thur. and Sun. afternoons.

TO-DAY, at 3 p.m., WATER JUMP, MUSICAL LEAPERS, by the London Electric Light and Power Co. NATIONAL PONY SHOW, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, Children's Ponies; Parade of Shetland Ponies; Band of the Irish Guards this afternoon; Admission, 1s. 6d. 5s. a.m. to 5 p.m.

PERSONAL.

CHARLE. Come home, all well, send address—Mother. GIRL—Cadillac, Sask, hope on, have faith love as ever—Boy.

TREASURING every dear word, thought and memory—Dimsey.

OWE Thursday's friend apology. Both my carriage!—E-d. Rule (?)

B.M.O.—Anything you wish, darling, if possible. Cheer up. Love and devotion.

HARRY—Can you meet Charing Cross Wednesday, 18th, 12 or 37—Thomas.

"HOMOECE" Competition—Genuine list (twelve dictation), 1s.—Buss, 272, Newfound-road, Bristol.

*The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 4d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 8d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address: Advertiser's Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard.

DAILY BARGAINS.

BABY'S Long Clothes Set; 50 pieces, 21s.; a perfect high-class, entirely complete layette; Ideal home work; materials soft, pure and good; wonderfully beautiful; newest designs, amazingly cheap; bargain of loveliness; instant appeal—Mrs. Willard, The Chase, Nottingham.

BONLESS Corset, new invention; unbreakable; lat free—Knitted Corset Co., Nottingham. Men's "Mirror."

LOVELY Dresses, etc., scarcely worn; bargain list—Morp. Dupont, 42, Upper Gloucester-pl., Baker-st., London, W.

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Novel Cross Country Race for Soldiers in Uniform: Pictures.

THE most Popular Annual is "Daily Mirror Reflections" by W. K. Haselden. 6d.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

AEROPLANE Disaster averted by inches at the Heliopolis meeting: Picture.

HOW THEY CHOOSE BRIDES IN ALGERIA.



Who wants a bride? It is a custom of a tribe of the desert to bring their women to an annual fair, and draw them up in a line without their veils so that the young men may make their choice. Having made their choice they seek the parents' consent.

DID HE KILL BENTON?



Major Fierro.

General Villa.

Major Udolfo Fierro, who, it appears, actually shot Mr. Benton in Mexico, has been arrested. It is expected that a charge unconnected with Benton will be made against him as a cloak under which he could be held. He is said to be related to Villa.

ACTRESS LEFT FORTUNE.



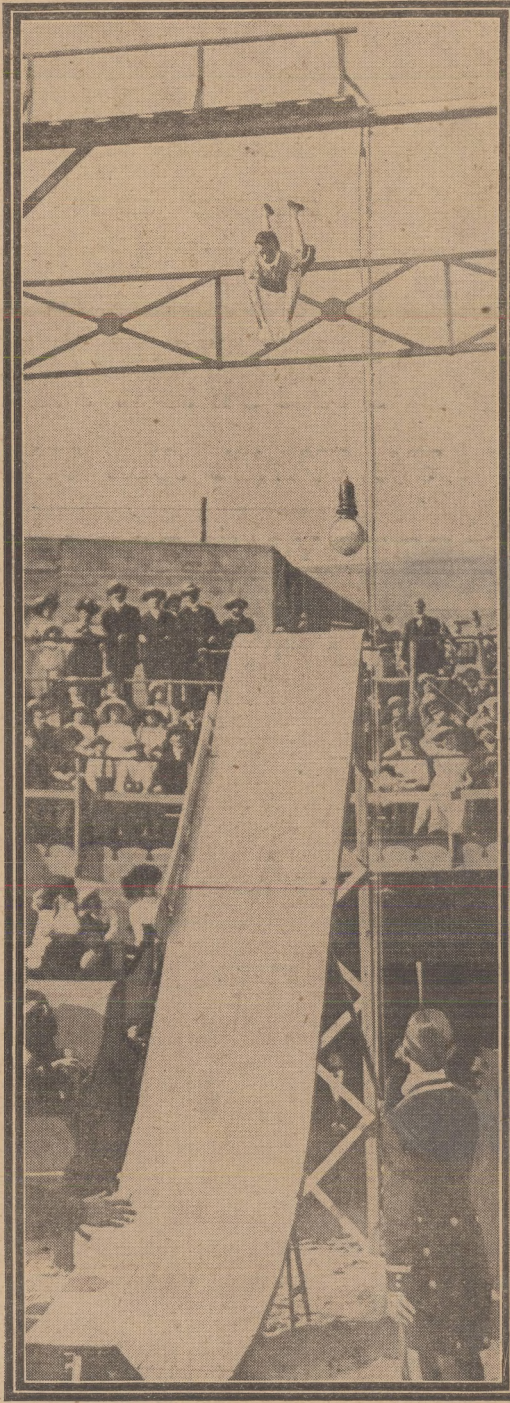
Mme. Colonna Romano, the French actress, who is residuary legatee under the will of M. Alfred Edwards, founder of the Paris *Matin*. If she accepts she will receive about £20,000.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN AT "DAILY MIRROR" DISPLAY.



The dress parade at *The Daily Mirror* display of children's fashions at Ponting's yesterday afternoon. The models, whose ages ranged from sweet seventeen to less than one, showed off the daintiest dresses, which delighted the large audience.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

COURTED DEATH FOR FILM.



An actor leaps from a platform on to a slide board twenty-five yards below. By good luck he was not killed. The picture was taken for a film near Berlin.